JANUARY '42

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

FEBRUARY '42

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

MARCH '42

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

APRIL '42

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

MAY '42

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24/31	25	26	27	28	29	30

JUNE '42

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

JULY '42

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

AUGUST '42

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23/30	24/31	25	26	27	28	29

SEPTEMBER '42

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

OCTOBER '42

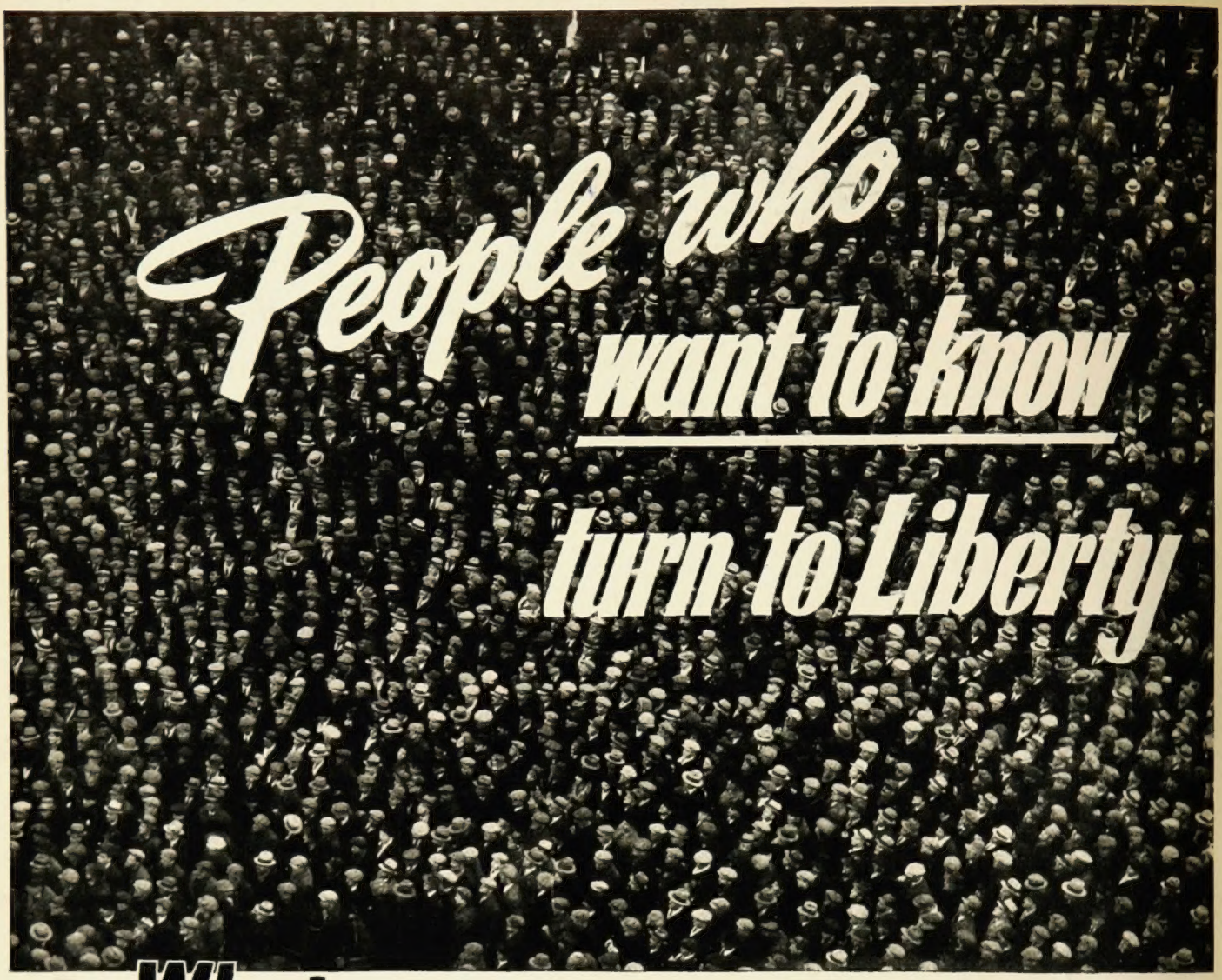
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

NOVEMBER '42

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

DECEMBER '42

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		



What is happening in Germany, the Orient, Latin-America?

Why should there be a draft, occupation of Iceland, high taxes?

How can we improve civilian defense, municipal government, housing?

THE WORLD at large is divided about questions such as these.

Some people try to avoid them, look for escape from them, blindly hope that the "good old days" will return.

Other more progressive souls face them bravely and intelligently, eager to learn the whole truth by studying all sides of every problem; seeking the answers, that they may find a better way.

It is for such people that Liberty is edited. People who want good fiction and entertainment, of course—but people who want more than that.

The people who turn to Liberty are the ones who believe in freedom and democracy, who want to keep informed on any and all matters that have to do with the preservation of the American Way of Life.

Liberty

These TWO Big Best-Sellers *Only*

It's really true! These TWO best-sellers FOR ONLY $1.39. Not $1.39 for each, but for BOTH! And you pay nothing in advance. And nothing AT ALL if you decide not to KEEP the books after examining them. No strings attached to this offer. Send FREE EXAMINATION COUPON below (without money) NOW!

$1.39 FOR BOTH!
ACTUAL VALUE $3.75!

KINGS ROW

674 Thrilling Pages. A Coast-to-Coast Best-Seller. Regular retail price, $2.75!

The great best-selling novel which strips the masks from an American town!

EVERY adult in Kings Row knew that a human face can become a "mask"—hiding secret love, hate, ambition. But fourteen-year-old PARRIS MITCHELL took people at face value! He liked affectionate Renee. They went swimming, at first in Adam and Eve innocence. He loved his girl-crazy pal, Drake McHugh. He trusted Jamie Wakefield, who secretly wrote poems, and whom people called "too pretty for a boy."

Cassie Tower, the town's prettiest girl, he thought "strange." She was always kept at home by her father, a physician who lived mysteriously well without patients. But PARRIS feared cold-faced Dr. Gordon, whose patients' hearts were so often found "too weak for chloroform." Once Parris heard (and never forgot) the frightful screams from a farmhouse, when Dr. Gordon's buggy was there!

Through his sensitive reaction to people, PARRIS developed the intuition of a born doctor. He discovered that each person faced the town of Kings Row through a protective mask—hiding a sickness of mind or soul, a gnawing fear, a paralyzing inferiority complex, or a cherished vice. And later, as *DR.* Parris Mitchell, (equipped as a psychiatrist by 5 years' study in Vienna) he helped them take off their masks!

How their masks were removed, and how tangled lives met in thrilling conflict, is an extraordinary story—gripping in intensity, exciting in action, fascinating in suspense, compelling in power. Here is a truly great American novel—packed with an American town's charm, zest, ambition, passions, loves, hates, hypocrisies, tragedies, comedies and, sometimes, nameless horrors!

and BEST KNOWN WORKS of ZOLA

THIS second great volume contains (together with *other* Zola masterpieces) the famous novel which even Parisians bought secretly, and carried home under their cloaks—the scarlet story of the harlot Zola took from the streets of Paris and made into the immortal NANA!

The moving picture of Zola's life (starring Paul Muni) showed his daring frankness—no matter what sensitive souls were shocked and scandalized! Now read NANA *complete*—PLUS the finest work of this great French realist: 3 full-length novelettes, all complete, translated from the original French.

Would you like more bargains like this? You can—IF YOU WISH TO—get a *double* bargain like this every month! Over 105,000 people are doing so now, and building *two* libraries, of modern best-sellers and great classics, for only $1.39 a month! But YOU ARE UNDER NO OBLIGATION WHATEVER if you accept this offer of *Kings Row* and *Best Known Works of Zola* now. YOU MAY JOIN US OR NOT, AS YOU PLEASE. But, in any case, *Kings Row* and *Zola* are YOURS, to send back if you wish—OR to keep for ONLY $1.39, if you're delighted with them.

Examine BOTH BOOKS *FREE*

Send No Money—No Obligation

You don't have to send any money to receive *Kings Row* and *Best Known Works of Zola* immediately, for FREE EXAMINATION. The coupon will bring your copies by return mail. If you like the books, send us only $1.39, plus few cents to cover postage and handling costs. $1.39 for BOTH books, remember! BUT IF YOU'RE NOT ABSOLUTELY PLEASED IN EVERY WAY, RETURN THE BOOKS, PAY NOTHING, AND BE UNDER NO OBLIGATION WHATEVER. We have only a limited supply of copies for this liberal offer. Send the coupon (without money, if you prefer) today! BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. L. 1, Garden City, N. Y.

BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA,
Dept. L. 1, Garden City, N. Y.

Without further obligation, send Kings Row and Best Known Works of Zola for FREE EXAMINATION. For this $3.75 double-value I will (IF I keep the books) send only $1.39, plus few cents postage and handling costs. But if I do NOT like the books, I will return them after this 5-day free examination, and pay nothing.

My acceptance of this offer does not obligate me to join or take any books, and no one is to call upon me! You may, however, mail me literature so that I may, IF I CHOOSE, join the Book League and be entitled to similar bargains each month.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

In Canada: 215 Victoria St., Toronto

☐ SAVE POSTAGE—Check here if you prefer to send your check or money-order for $1.39 WITH this coupon and we will prepay all postage costs. The same 5-day return-for-refund privilege applies.

Vox Pop

THE FIRST WORD— FROM OUR READERS

JAPAN ADDS A POSTSCRIPT WITHOUT WORDS TO TWO LIBERTY ARTICLES

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Mr. Hallett Abend has a grim and uncannily-timed gift of prophecy. In Report from Manila (December 13 Liberty) he said: "In Manila there's no longer any pretense that peace can be maintained with Japan. There are few doubts that Japan will take provocative action."

Four days after that issue of Liberty appeared on the stands, Japan took provocative action — and seemingly astonished every one except folks in Manila and Mr. Abend.—*John H. Williamson.*

HUNTINGTON, W. VA.—Hurrah for Secretary Knox's article I Mean an Unbeatable Navy! (December 6 Liberty.) He certainly called the turn. Let's hope that this country never again scraps its navy after the emergency is over.—*A. H. Christian.*

CALDWELL, N. J.—Secretary Knox's article is certainly, sternly, apropos of the hour. And the remarks of Achmed Abdullah *in re* the three classes of mankind, in Blood of the Dragon in the same issue, are also in line. They may help effect a change in a distracted world.—*Joseph J. Henderson.*

ESSAY ON AMERICA IN 116 WORDS

LA CROSSE, WIS.—In Germany, if a man won't join the Nazi Party he is condemned to be shot. In America, if a man won't join a union he is condemned to starve to death. What is the difference? Probably both the Nazis and the unions believe they know what is best for the man. But this is America—the land of the free.

I have three sons, one a C. I. O. organizer, one an A. F. of L. member, one a member of the Signal Corps, ready to fight for his country but not willing to join a union.

I hear all sides. But I am a New England woman trained from birth to fight for the personal liberty of all mankind.—*A Mother of Sons.*

CRITIQUE

HOUSTON, TEX.—I am a reader of Liberty. Other boys and I agree that these mushy love dramas and war series could be eliminated and in its place put some complete murder mysteries, or a half a page of jokes to bring the war stories down to earth.—*Braxton Doak.*

WRONG NUMBER, PROBABLY

BOSTON, MASS.—In Boy, Are You Lucky, by George Harmon Coxe (November 29 Liberty), Vance dials his own telephone number, hangs up, and hears the bell ring twice. I tried it three times, with no results. What kind of telephone was Vance using?—*B. A. Bowlby.*

GRAMMAR GETS GOATS

LOS GATOS, CALIF.—Your December 6 issue contains one article that will win many friends—Dr. Charles Earle Funk's Why People Think Grammar

(*Continued on page 45*)

"A. F. L. or C. I. O.?"

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. O. J. Elder, President; Haydock Miller, Secretary; Charles H. Shattuck, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States and possessions, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription for Liberty please allow thirty (30) days from the time you send us the subscription and the time when you can expect the first copy. A request for change of address must also reach us at least thirty (30) days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

Copyright, 1941, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

★

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

Mickey Rooney

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BOX-OFFICE MAN NO. 1

He is the greatest phenomenon of Hollywood—as American as the Miracle of Detroit—an endless, roaring, magnetic, terrifying bundle of vitality!

This five-foot-three, twenty-one-year-old Mighty Mite, who earns more money for his employers than Gable, Garbo, and Spencer Tracy *combined*, draws one of the most fabulous salaries in screen history. How much is it? And why must he live on a virtual pittance for spending money?

As closely watched as an infant, Mickey Rooney at all times must lead the virtuous, clean, and spotless private life he created in his *alter ego*, Andy Hardy. Then why is he the target today of whispered rumors about his social affairs? Is there any truth to these stories?

Liberty magazine next week begins a sparkling, fascinating biography of Mickey Rooney that answers these and dozens of other questions about the most popular Boy Wonder of Movieland. Never before have more intriguing items about this youthful star been assembled in one writing.

Why is Clark Gable jealous about Rooney's clothes? Why do coaches want him to become a "pro" athlete, while musicians recommend a career in music? What eleven ladies—each six inches taller than he—now relentlessly pursue Hollywood's greatest catch? And why is America's All-American boy the greatest pride yet the *greatest nightmare* of screendom?

For a rollicking treat be sure to begin "Mickey Rooney—The Life and Loves of Box-Office Man No. 1," in next week's Liberty. *Here is grand reading entertainment for your entire family!*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Liberty

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

On Sale Wednesday, January 7
(January 6 in Metropolitan New York City)

It was BINGO for BUTTERCUP

when she scrapped the

double O

OF COURSE Buttercup's "dated up" a lot oftener since she got wise to the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath)! Naturally a girl with a bright, attractive smile and pleasant breath stands a better chance than a girl who has the "Double O."

What To Do About It

If *you've* been careless about this double offense, why not get after it with the delightful double precaution that so many wise and popular women use?

For the teeth, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. It's the result of 8 years' work on the part of experts in the field of oral hygiene. This new paste is created especially to help bring out the natural beauty of your smile. It does a remarkable job on dull, dingy teeth, removing cloudy, loose deposits. Many women say they can see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time!

And for a sweeter breath—Listerine Antiseptic, of course. Listerine quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis (bad breath).

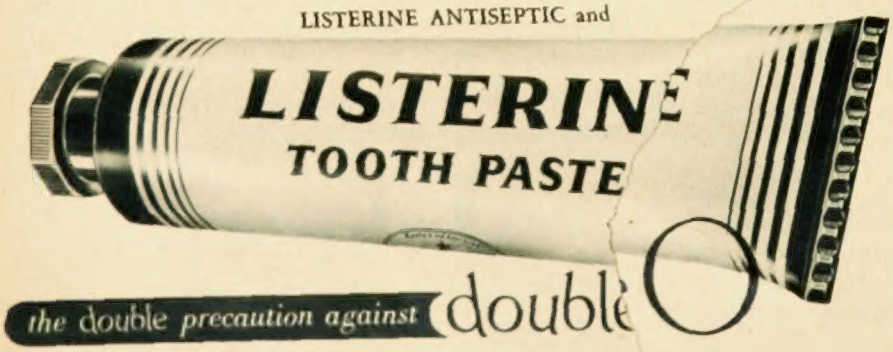
Delightful Daily Double

If you want to make a good impression on others, never neglect the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath).

Start in today with the delightful Listerine Daily Double: Listerine Tooth Paste for an attractive smile and Listerine Antiseptic for a more agreeable breath

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC and



the double precaution against double

Offensive breath
Offensive-looking teeth

GIRL MEETS GIRL

BY BUBBLES SCHINASI

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

☆ BEFORE you, my dears, you see my freshly turned new leaf just bristling with resolutions. And I intend to preserve them, too (at least, until Easter), aided by an assortment of articles I spied while shop-surveying. It's simple. Look at Resolution No. 1 as an example:

SLIP-SLIP-HOORAY: It's no problem to keep Resolution No. 1, "No more drooping slips," for I shall buy "Charmer." It is romantically made of rustling taffeta and edged with a deep twirling ruffle which can be adjusted according to the length of your legs. It comes in all colors, sizes 32 to 44, and costs $1.79.

APPLEADAY: I resolved to replenish my glassware, and discovered eight crystal tumblers decorated with frosty apples and eight matching coasters shaped like apples. Sixteen pieces for a dollar!

DESKDECORATOR: Resolution No. 3 is to keep my desk as uncluttered as possible. So, to aid that wade through the morning mail, here is a sterling silver dagger that serves as a letter opener and ruler. I paid $1.98, and at no extra charge one large initial was engraved on the handle.

SPOILED DARLING: I resolved to pamper myself Sunday mornings by breakfasting in bed, so I am investing in a bed jacket that keeps me warm and pretty at once. It's a satin one, puffily quilted, lined with crepe and printed with a pert combination of bowknots and bouquets, made with an angel-child collar and a pocket. Tea rose, blue, or white backgrounds. . . . The price is $2.25.

BAG OF TRICKS: Nothing is drearier than the type of evening bag you received with the assurance that it would go with everything. You and I know from sad experience that it will never look right with anything. I have just resolved not to tolerate one of those brocade horrors and have exchanged it for the most versatile accessory of the season. An envelope bag, one side silver, the reverse scarlet satin, and to slip into this another envelope of black satin complete with

zipper and fittings, which can be used separately. . . . $4.95.

PLEASANT PINING: Forced out of me was the resolution not to allow that after-holiday letdown to defeat me. The next best thing to "getting away from it all," I have found, is to take a bath. Yes, a whole warm tub filled with creamy pine-scented bubbles soothes yet exhilarates me. The best pine bubble bath I know of comes in an heirloom-like bottle of heavy glass and costs $1. . . . And three generous cakes of bath soap, similarly scented, are available at a dollar also.

GLOVES IN HAND: I resolve to keep my gloves from looking worn and soiled by applying a little Glove Shampoo whenever I see a spot. It's non-smelly and is 47 cents a bottle.

MEMOS ON MY MIRROR: Make ear muffs of wool and attach them to a band to encircle your head. Chrome yellow or tickle pink would be fine, or one black one and one white one, or one red and one green, or a pair of the same wool as your favorite sweater.

Wallpaper your windowsills and wastebasket. (You can buy remnants of wallpaper as you can buy remnants of cloth, and there are innumerable uses for them, such as jackets for books, framing pictures, dramatizing bare spots, etc.)

Make a muff, the flat sort, out of tiers upon tiers of short heavy fringe, and make an antimacassar hat to match, with the fringe parted to give you a widow's peak.

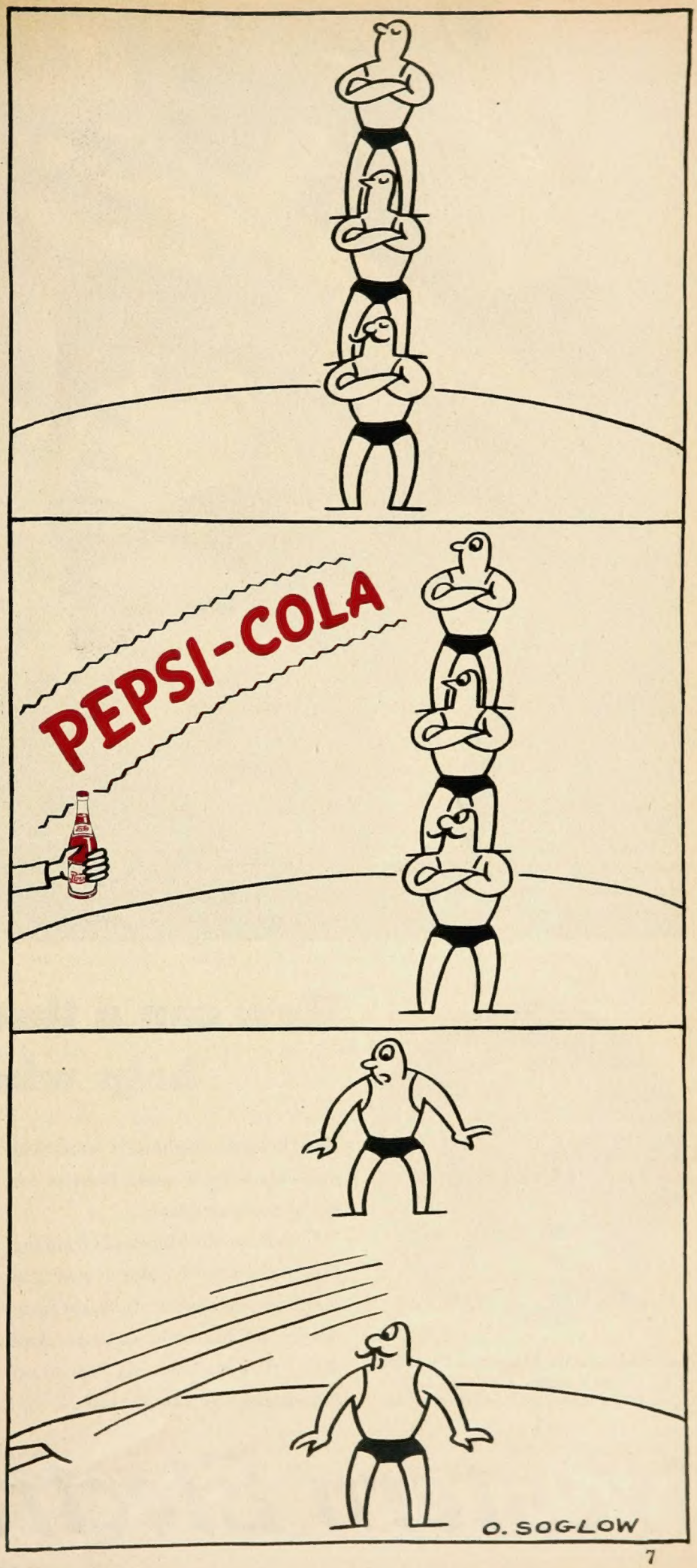
Wear bright red rubber galoshes on wet days—somehow, they don't look so stodgy if they are colorful.

Trim your last year's snoods with false palest pink roses to wear with your "little black dress" after dark.

String "junky" gold beads gypsy-wise on red yarn to wear in the house with pajamas.

A square of tickle-pink flannel becomes a shoulder shawl if you border it with shaggy black wool fringe —does wonderful things over a black sweater.

Sew felt flowers on a bib of unbleached muslin to wear with dark dresses.



Two microphones fit against the sides of his Adam's apple. He doesn't have to hold this "mike"—his hands are free.

How can a throat microphone help win battles?

This throat microphone is something new—made by Western Electric for the nation's air forces.

It picks up the vibrations from the flyer's vocal cords. Motor roar and machine-gun chatter don't get in to drown out his radio message. And the battle's outcome may depend on that message getting through.

This important device was developed by Bell Telephone Laboratories, pioneers in the field of aviation radio, and was made in the same workshop as your Bell Telephone.

It is among the many benefits which have grown out of Western Electric's long experience as manufacturer for the Bell System.

Western Electric *. . . is back of your Bell Telephone service*

THIS IS A WAR OF SURVIVAL

☆ WE who are now at war must know one thing and know it clearly—this is a war of survival.

If we win this war, as we must, then civilized life can continue in this world. Decency, justice, mercy can live in the hearts of men.

If we lose this war, which we cannot, we must not, we dare not, then the world will be a place without justice, without mercy; brute force will control the world, and nothing that we live for can survive.

That is the issue we face, and we must continue relentlessly to face it—no matter what happens.

If, God forbid, a worse time should come upon us, and our brave allies fall, if strength after strength should go, and friend after friend fall away, then if in real isolation we find ourselves alone in a ring of enemies, we must stand firm, and fight on unafraid—fight on until we win.

Between totalitarianism and democracy, *this is a war of survival!*

There is not room on this earth for these two conflicting ideas. The difference between them is clear. It has often been uttered on this page. The totalitarians believe that the state is the master of the people and the people are the servants of the state. We Americans believe that the state is the servant of the people and the people are the masters of the state.

The totalitarian states believe in slavery. The democracies believe in freedom. And long ago Abraham Lincoln said that this country could not exist half slave and half free. What Lincoln said of our country is true today of the whole world. It is just as true that the world cannot exist half slave and half free.

So it is a fight to the finish. Freedom wins or freedom dies. We are fighting for all that we have. We are fighting for all the decencies that ennoble our lives. We are fighting with no greed in our hearts, no other purpose than to make sure that freedom itself shall survive.

It was for that freedom that Washington held on and did not despair in the snows of Valley Forge. For that same freedom Lincoln held on and did not despair after the battle of Bull Run.

Today a unified, determined, unconquerable free people stand behind President Franklin D. Roosevelt, remembering the words of that other illustrious Roosevelt who said thirty years ago: "We stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Lord."

In that battle we Americans will give our strength, our money, and our blood. We shall not count the cost. We must win! This is a war of survival, and if the principles for which we fight do not survive, life will not be worth the living!

JANUARY 10, 1942 · · · LIBERTY · · · VOLUME 19, NUMBER 2

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

National Defense, LT. GEN. ROBERT LEE BULLARD • Politics, WALTER KARIG • Boxing, JACK DEMPSEY • Theater, GEORGE JEAN NATHAN Movies, HOWARD BARNES • Europe, ROBERT LOW • Industry & Finance, GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY • Books, DONALD L. GORDON • General Affairs, FREDERICK L. COLLINS Women's Interests, PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN • Lexicography, DR. CHARLES EARLE FUNK • Associate Editor, SHEPPARD BUTLER • Article Editor, OLIN H. CLARK Fiction Editor, MABEL SEARCH • Managing Editor, LEE PASQUIN

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 54

STALIN: DEVIL OR GENIUS?

The Soviets' ruler face to face
Liberty begins a great biograph

BY EMIL LUDWIG

FAMOUS BIOGRAPHER OF LINCOLN, NAPOLEON, ROOSEVELT, ETC.

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

BY F. MOLINA CAMPOS

STALIN AS HE LOOKS TO CONSERVATIVES THE WORLD OVER—

PART ONE—"THIS LOCKED-IN, LONELY, GLOOMY MAN"

☆ A VISITOR entering the inner courtyard of the Kremlin—an elevated fortress in the middle of the Bolshevik metropolis, Moscow—is greeted by thousands of cannons turned toward Red battlements. I know. I went to the Kremlin. I was stopped by a guard at the old drawbridge. He asked my name, and the soldier at his side checked it with his book. No document was demanded. I might have been any kind of murderer.

Going through the gate, I passed through three very simply furnished rooms, over a carpet with wide red borders that led to Stalin's door. What is his room like? It is long but without the slightest touch of that pomp with which Mussolini and Hitler try to impress visitors. At the far end a medium-sized man in a light-brown coat rises from his chair. He is dressed with painful neatness, just as his room is arranged with the accuracy of a doctor's consulting room. There is a large table in the middle on which are set plain water carafes, plain glasses and ash trays, all in apple-pie order. The walls are dark green. On them hang large photographs of Lenin and Marx. On Stalin's desk there are a photograph of Lenin and five telephones such as I find all dictators use for certain purposes.

I see Stalin, a man with very little forehead but lots of black hair standing up thickly. His face has Mongolian traits and a violent mouth. Everything about him is slow and cautious—his walk, his talk, his movements. Stalin, we may as well say it at the outset, makes a cold and forbidding impression. There is nothing about him that attracts. He does not

come halfway to meet you. He is not open. He is unresponsive and for the most part somber. When he laughs, it is grim, dark laughter which comes up from the depths—sardonic, not joyous. Among the rulers of our time, and I have seen most of them, he is the most impenetrable. There is nothing to indicate trust in men or friendship for them. I do not even believe that he loves the masses. He seems to love no one at all.

During my three hours' visit Stalin practically never looked at me but kept on drawing figures on paper with a red pencil, the blue end of which he never used. He was filling many sheets and tearing them up when I mentioned the name of Trotsky. He was drawing a ship. Suddenly he looked at me. It was a dour look, the veiled glance of a lonely and suspicious man who by nature and experience was distrustful. I could imagine him suddenly rising, advancing slowly toward his opponent, and looking him straight in the eye. This plodding man is capable of surprise.

As he talks, Stalin lets syllables fall like heavy hammer blows. His answers are short and clear, not those of a man who oversimplifies things before a public audience, but those of a logical thinker whose mind works slowly and without the least emotion. For twelve years this man has made all his decisions alone. He will never take advice from his nearest friends. He decides, orders, acts, without words. He is the most silent man I ever saw, silent until he suddenly rises to attack you. This silence, this slowness, and this face show him an Asiatic. In short, Stalin the Georgian is the contrary of a Russian.

A writer who deals with living personalities still in the midst of their careers suffers from one definite disadvantage as compared with the historian of the past; he also enjoys a definite advantage.

NO PRIVATE LETTERS TO STUDY

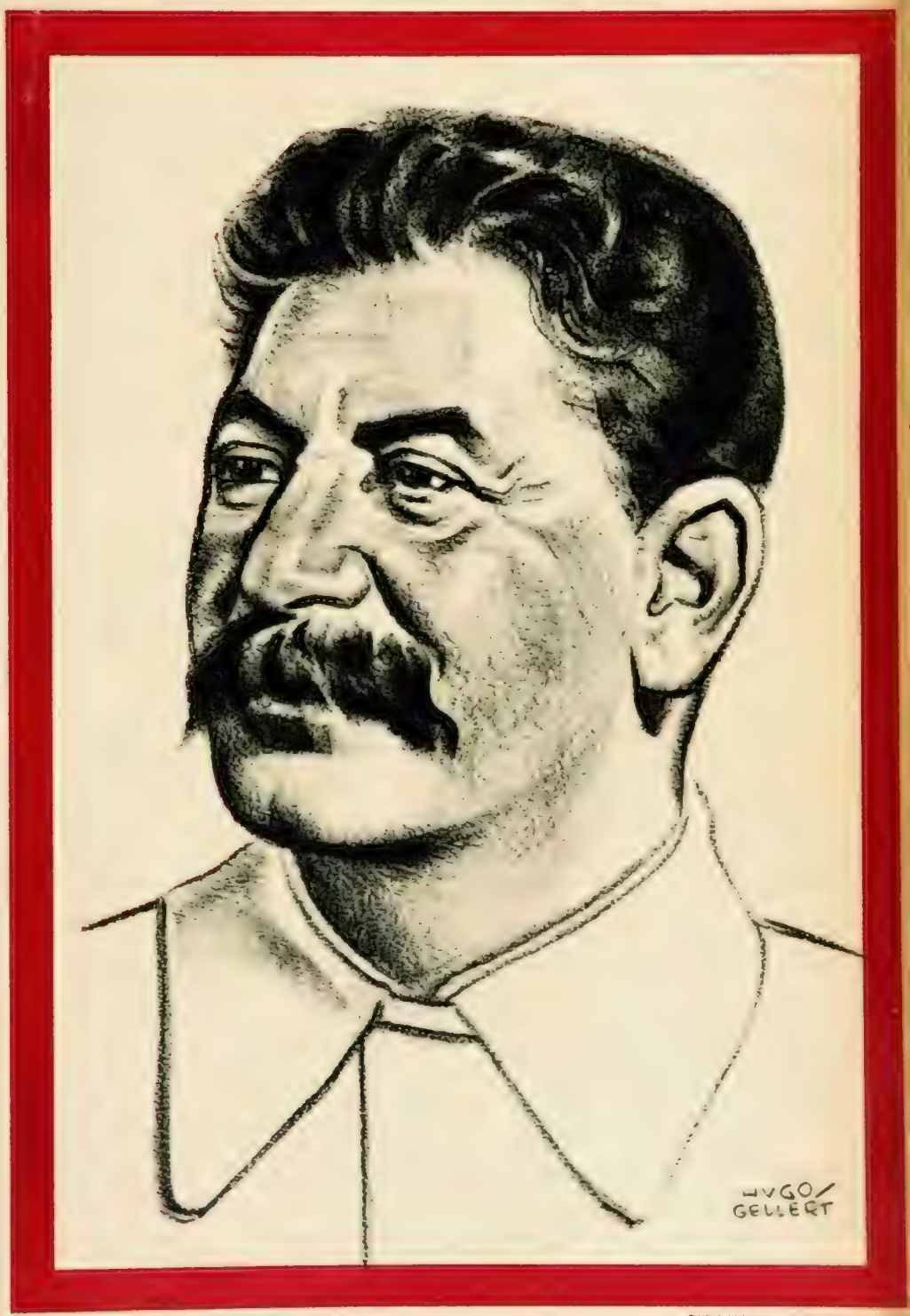
On the one hand, the contemporary biographer must do without a great many documents, particularly private, personal papers. If I have before me the love letters of a man who has been dead a hundred years, I can get to know him much more intimately than one who has left behind him only state documents, however copious. In revolutionary times like ours this disadvantage is offset; party members fall away, or are ousted, and if they manage to escape they publish their revelations from the security of exile. Stalin has killed off most of his opponents, but a few of them are still alive and vocal.

On the other hand, a living personality gives the opportunity of personal contact, and those of us who have the habit of thinking with our eyes exploit this opportunity to the full. It was for this reason that I sought out Stalin in the Kremlin at a time when he was seeing very few Europeans. Once you have studied a man through his public documents, a visit, especially if it is private, comfortable, and unhurried, does more than a hundred pictures to open him up to you. The modulations of his voice, the expression on his face, his smile, his astonishment, his gestures, the movements of his lips, the reflexes of his eyes—it is through these that we penetrate to the soul. When a man comes to you for the first time on a business matter, you immediately form a picture of his personality.

The rulers of mankind, whom the ancient world called heroes, and whom we of today call dictators or presidents, are human beings, very like the most obscure of their servants or soldiers. Their actions become intelligible, revealing, to the student of human nature if he can observe them at first hand.

NO NERVES, ALL PATIENCE

Stalin is a heavy man. But this heaviness, which expresses itself in his features, his bearing, and his enunciation, is a part of two immensely useful qualities in his career: inner self-certainty and patience. In contrast to Hitler, who is nothing but nerves, Stalin is the man without



BY HUGO GELLERT

—AND AS RADICALS AND "FELLOW TRAVELERS" SEE HIM

nerves. He has his patience to thank for his rise to power; for among the four dictators of our time he is the only one who worked his way up to power slowly. The others, Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco, were the makers of their own revolutions; Stalin was in the fourth or the sixth rank of his revolution. The others seized power; Stalin inherited it from Lenin. Patience and endurance were primary factors for him, while imagination played no role at all. This persistence gradually prepared the victory both for his work and for his vengefulness. His energy is not explosive, lightning-like; it is slow and cumulative. That is why he has been able to put all his rivals out of the way.

It is only by understanding the springs and origins of this strange character that we can grasp the good and evil of his actions. It is my purpose to present both sides, and, since we still lack a clear picture of certain essential facts in his life, it would be well to quote friendly and hostile sources side by side.

LOCKED-IN, GLOOMY, LONELY STALIN

But the reader should always have before him the picture of an ordinary man, a plebeian without pose, uncommunicative by nature, even embarrassed by strangers—a man of medium height in a gray military mantle, who seldom meets the gaze of his interlocutor. See his face—the hair, growing down close, is barely touched with gray; the mouth, which sometimes holds a pipe, close-locked. This man's voice is quiet and dull; his manner of delivery, in the answering of questions, is utterly serene and self-confident; he is firm and logical, but no argument can move him even to reconsider his views. If my readers will constantly bear in mind this locked-in, lonely, gloomy but determined man, they will have a better understanding of his history.

The house in which Stalin was born stands in a little town in the Caucasus. It looks much more wretched than the cabin Lincoln was born in, for the natural logs of the latter at least remind us of the man's hand that cut them and put them together. Stalin's birthplace is a miserable brick cottage with four tiny rooms; one side is glazed over; the top is nailed down with boards of unequal length; the threshold is a tilted stone, over which people undoubtedly used to stumble sixty-two years ago, when the mother gave birth to this gloomy boy. I saw the old woman once, in Tiflis; she was returning, after a stroll, to a very simple apartment house; earnest and careworn, she wore the dark veil which was customary with the women of the region; she was obviously as indifferent to wealth and the joys of life as her son, from whom, as the master of two hundred million people, she could have demanded and obtained everything.

Mothers are perhaps the most moving figures which surround the men of power, for they pray every night not for power but for the life which they brought forth. The heroic mothers who were prepared to see their sons die in the name of glory were undoubtedly rarer, even in the antique world, than legend would have us believe. In our day, when kings are disappearing, and three plebeians rule a large section of the earth, the pathos of such a family is not to be found in the purple and magnificence of royalty; we must look for it in the sorrowful lines of an old woman's face and in the pain-filled eyes which express nothing but mother love.

In the pitiful brick hut this cobbler's wife managed to give two hours a day to cooking and housework, for she was herself a worker; and her husband — who was later employed in a shoe factory— was not a peasant, as Russian children are told today regarding Stalin's father. Like most of his neighbors, he had a little garden and sometimes a cow and a few chickens. It was there that the boy got his first meager tuition; but the sphere of his childhood was wholly that of the dispossessed who possess nothing, neither land, nor tradition, nor God, nor hope.

STALIN'S FATHER WAS BORN A SLAVE

What must be the first emotions of a twelve-year-old wide-awake boy in such surroundings? What does he see in front of him to envy and desire? His father tells him that he himself was born a slave, for slavery was abolished in the Caucasus in the same year as in America, 1865. The word in use was not slavery but ownership —it came to the same thing. It was abolished there not by a great war but by an act of grace on the part of an invisible Czar, who reigned a thousand miles away and a thousand miles above the clouds; the great landlords, however, remained where they had always been, very close at hand, and continued to treat their peasants like cattle—that is, unless their emotions underwent a sudden change in the Russian manner and they came to sit in their servants' huts and drink tea with them, holding a piece of sugar between the teeth and sucking the tea in through it.

What was there in such an environment to console or inspire a half-neglected boy? It would have been far more natural for him to become a criminal than a statesman, for there were many conditions which pointed to the former, and none to the latter.

In this land of Georgia, which lies in the southern Caucasus between the Black and the Caspian seas, only a well fed, well clad youth who goes to a bright clean school, looks at maps and models, and plays daily on a beautiful sports field, can learn to

Two pictures of Stalin at twenty-two. In profile "he looks like an idealist who could write poetry"—but in the full-face photograph, at right, "he looks like a criminal." Below: His mother, who entered him for training for the priesthood.

SOVFOTO PHOTOS

appreciate and admire the wild mountains of the region. The towering summits, higher than those of the Alps, remind one of the magnificent peaks of Mexico. Given food and sleep enough, given the right teachers, he could also have studied, in his native land, a whole swarm of races—Georgians, Armenians, Kurds, Turks, Jews, and many others intertwined with them—so that it is ridiculous to try to determine the race Stalin belongs to. In the markets and bazaars of Tiflis, near by, a wide-awake boy who used his eyes could learn to distinguish many of these races, as well as Mohammedans and various Christian sects; he could also observe the churches and the mosques and a motley colorful life which puts the Western visitor in mind of Smyrna or Cairo.

FIRST STIRRING OF REBELLION

But all this remained a sealed book to the ill-clad, ill-fed boy. His passion could direct itself against two things which surrounded his visions and desires with hostile denial: the people and the class which ruled over him and his parents.

The feelings evoked by these two phenomena differed widely from each other. The Georgians, an old cultural people who can be compared with the Spanish nobility for pride and Quixoticism, were on good terms with the Russians, being linked to them by religion. The Russo-Caucasian war had been waged only against the local Mohammedan mountain tribes. But the Georgians had always been the weaker party and had had to accept the leadership of the so-called Great Russians—that is, of the rulers of Moscow and St. Petersburg. Militarily weaker than the Russians but culturally stronger—which they are even today—the Georgians stood toward the Russians more or less as the Austrians did toward the Prussians. Stalin's impulse toward Greater Russia was like Hitler's toward Prussia.

In the Caucasus, as in the rest of Russia, a handful of the nobility enjoyed life at the expense of the other classes. These Junkers, whose particular delight it was to spend the income from their Georgian estates on the Rue de Rivoli in Paris, were protected in their hereditary possession by the troops of the Czar, for it was their support which maintained the Czar. More than one imperial ruler had been murdered by the nobility. What could such a despot, supposing he felt for the hundred million peasants whom he ruled, do in opposition to the interests of a hundred thousand landed proprietors?

PROFLIGATE RULERS, STARVING SERFS

Even the smaller landowners—they called themselves princes in the Caucasus if their possessions consisted of half a dozen acres of land and twice as many cows—had to be protected by the Czaristic machinery of state. There was one universal law: the peasants had to be kept, in poverty and ignorance, at the bottom of the pyramid. For it was the peasant who, owning nothing, worked eighty-five per cent of the land. Who would have dared to prophesy in the days of slavery, or even as little as thirty years ago, that the time was coming when the peasants would own their own land or lease it from the State, that half of this immense empire would be industrialized, and that there would be no more counts and princes? A transformation of such rapidity occurs very rarely in history.

Ideas of this order cannot have occurred to the boy growing up in filth and ignorance; still less could he have dreamed that he would play a decisive role in the transformation.

Whenever the lad questioned his father, whenever he read the newspaper for himself, or whenever he looked around him in Tiflis and saw the glittering squads of Cossacks, the opulent three-in-hand coaches of the nobility, or a Circassian princess in her pointed shoes stepping down from her carriage to slip into the waiting door of a palace, he had immediately before him the second object of his hatred. The aim and purpose of his whole life were already fixed for this defiant boy when he was thirteen: they were directed against the Georgians, against the rich. Since neither religion nor philosophy provided the counterbalance in his soul, his first drive was bound to be destructive.

YOUNG STALIN TO BE A PRIEST

At this point his mother intervened. Enlisting the help of a relative, the poor cobbler's wife succeeded in enrolling him in a religious seminary in Tiflis, where he would receive his board and lodging and be prepared for the priesthood. Perhaps the mother was religiously inclined; there is a touch of religion in every Slav. Concerning the mocking views on God and destiny which Stalin expressed to me, I shall speak further on.

When the fourteen-year-old boy entered the seminary at his mother's wish, to train for the priesthood, he did not, like Luther, disappear into a monastic cell. The Russian spirit has been in a state of turmoil and revolt for at least the last century, and it was inevitable that the same condition should be found in the religious schools. Twenty years before, there had already been revolts and clashes in this particular seminary. On one occasion the rector had fulminated against the Georgian language, whereupon a student had stood up and knocked him down. Some time later a nineteen-year-old student stabbed an archbishop, and a subsequent report from Tiflis to the Holy Synod recorded that one half of the student body applauded the murder. Stalin was by no means the first to come to grief in this seminary.

But he was clearly the first to become a Socialist via a training for the priesthood. President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia, the son of an imperial coachman, once told me that at the age of six he was already a Socialist at heart because of the contemptuous attitude of the Bohemian counts toward his father. But when I asked Stalin whether the privations of his childhood had made him what he was, he answered in the negative and offered me the following astonishing explanation:

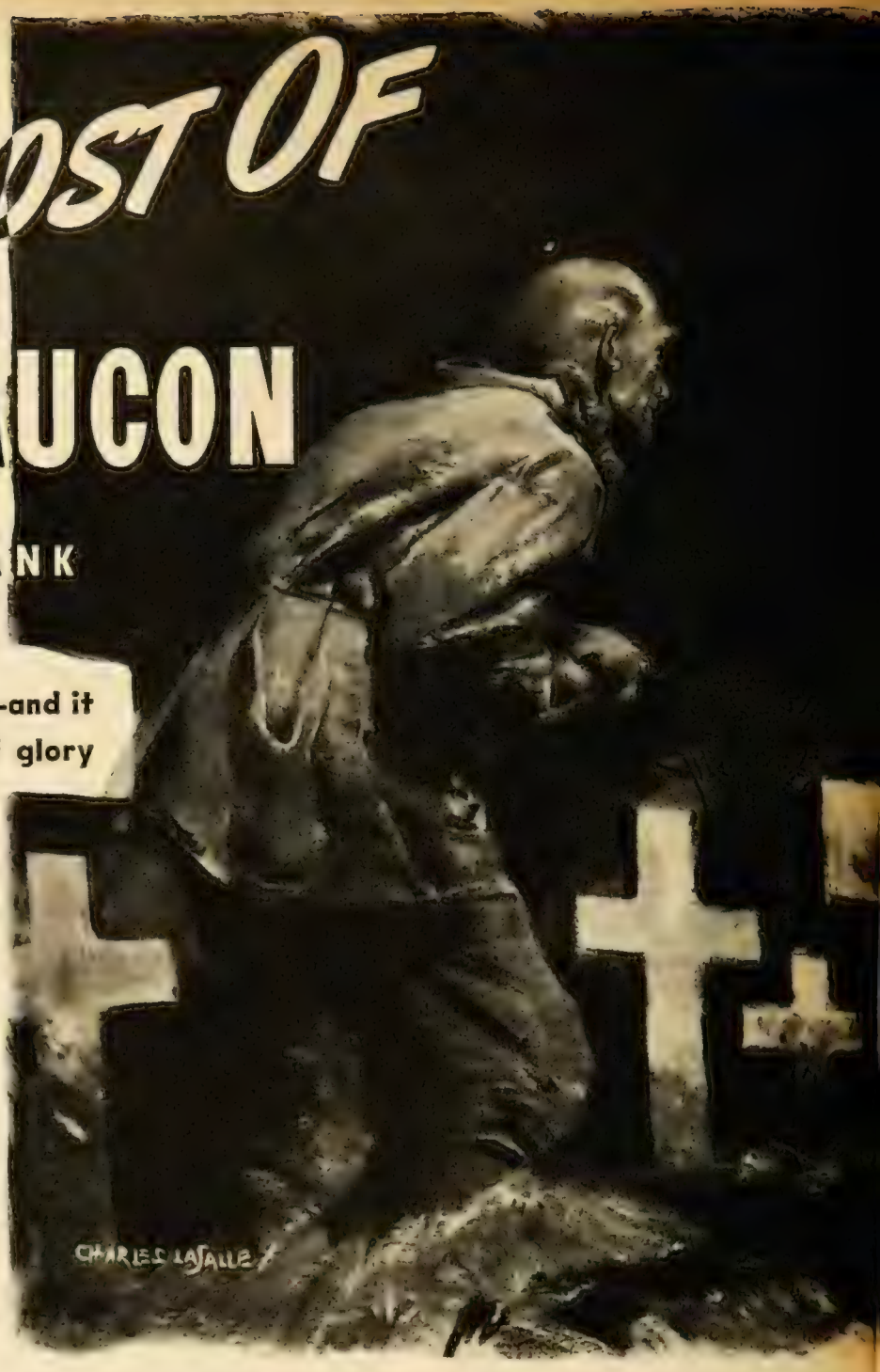
"My parents had no education but they did much for me. Such things as you tell me about Masaryk did not make me into a Socialist, either at the age of six or at the age of twelve. I became one at the seminary, because the character of the discipline en-

(*Continued on page 37*)

THE GHOST OF MONTFAUCON

BY PAT FRANK

It was young and American—and it gave old Jules a glimpse of glory



READING TIME • 28 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

☆ THE new ghost came to Montfaucon on the night that the big bomber, ruined and smoking, crashed into the hill to the west of the town. The bomber was British, and all its crew were British and dead and accounted for, but the ghost was an American. Naturally, the new ghost took up his abode in the cemetery of the American war dead, which stretches nearly as far as a man can see on a reasonably clear day over the flattened hills and into the shallow valleys on the road to Romagne.

More credence might have been given the ghost by those of Montfaucon had he not been discovered by Jules Vinard, the ancient one who was the caretaker at the cemetery. It was well known that Jules Vinard was crazy. He often talked of the ghosts he saw, and with whom he conversed. And who but one loose in the head would continue his work long after there was no pay for it, nor prospects of pay?

On the night that the bomber crashed it was not possible for Jules to sleep. First, there was in the air the throbbing rhythm of the bombers. Then the antiaircraft guns began to crackle west of the town. The guns always pulled him out of bed. They reminded him of the artillery fire that had opened the mighty offensive of long ago, and he would walk to the road, his tired heart pounding between his bent shoulders. He would stand by the side of the road, listening and watching—watching for the glint of the long bayonets of poilus on the march, listening for their songs. Sometimes he thought he saw the flash of the bayonets and heard the songs, but never very close, always far away.

This night was one of remarkable clearness, with a moon almost full, so Jules did not bother to take his lantern. Outside the cottage he watched the searchlights' inquisitive fingers feeling the texture of the velvet sky. There was much noise this night, and one resounding roar such as he had never before heard, and many streaks of orange fire ascended and were swallowed by the sky. He hurried past the memorial, with its graceful arches and massive center, that looked like a church without spires. He hurried, a small stooped figure, down through a long straight lane of shining white marble crosses.

He reached the road, and the searchlights snuffed themselves out one by one. The sound was gone from the sky, so that he could hear the chirp of an awakened bird. He rested, listening hopefully for a time. The guns had stopped. There was to be no offensive. The poilus were not coming from Reims. It was best that he return to the cottage and his bed. The cool night air made his joints unhandy.

It was while he was slowly walking back that he met the new ghost of Montfaucon. The new ghost stepped out of the shadow of the memorial. There was no doubt that he was a ghost, because his shroud was thrown over his shoulder, and trailed behind

There was no doubt that he was a ghost, because his shroud was thrown over his shoulder.

ILLUSTRATOR CHARLES LASALLE

him, shining with silvery sheen in the moonlight. The ghost was limping, and one side of his face was dark with mud or blood or both. "Good evening, M. Ghost," said Jules, nodding politely.

The ghost stopped, and stood there, very tall and lean and swaying a bit. "Hello," said the ghost. He looked around him and said, "This is a hell-uva place to light. What is it?"

The new ghost spoke in English, which was natural. Jules himself had learned English when he was well through middle age and a regimental guide attached to the First Army. The tongue had not grown rusty. He had used it thereafter with the tourists and those who were not tourists but came alone to stand quietly before a single individual cross. Of late years he had used it to converse with Sergeant Hopkins, the principal caretaker, who left before the Germans came, and with the ghosts. "You are right here," Jules answered, somewhat surprised, "at home, in the cemetery of the Meuse-Argonne."

"Isn't that pleasant!" said the ghost, testing his right leg on the spongy ground. "Smack in the middle of the occupied zone. Probably crawling with Germans. Probably pot me as a spy."

Jules chuckled at the ghost's wit. "The Boche hardly ever come here," Jules said. "They do not like it here. I think they have bad memories of the Meuse-Argonne. Not that it matters to you, of course."

"It matters plenty," said the ghost, letting his shroud slip to the ground. "Gives me a chance to think." The ghost knelt on the ground and began to fold his shroud. "I've got to get out of here," he said. "I've got something they'll want to know back in London and Washington."

In all his experience with the American ghosts, Jules had never before seen one of their shrouds, and it was much larger than he had expected, and to it were attached many meters of cordage. The new ghost, Jules noticed, wore the uniform of an officer, and on his shoulders shone the silver bars of a first lieutenant. He also wore a winged insignia which was new to Jules, but which he guessed was the emblem of the American aviation. "You are the youngest ghost," Jules remarked, "who has ever come to chat with me."

"The youngest ghost—did you say ghost?" The ghost stared up at Jules, his eyes wide. Then the ghost pinched himself hard on the left arm.

"Yes, usually they are older," Jules explained.

The ghost finished folding his shroud, tucked it under his arm, rose, and moved back a step as if he were about to disappear. "Look," he said. "Get this through your head: I'm not a ghost! I'm Hank Pickens, U. S. Army Air Corps, stationed in England as an observer. I was observing night refraction in a bomb sight. The bomber got shot down. I bailed out. Here I am. I'm not a ghost. Here, feel!" The ghost held out his arm.

"You are the one!" said Jules, laughing. "As if I could not tell a ghost! For twelve, perhaps fifteen years they have been rising to talk to me."

"Oh!" the ghost groaned.

"Of course," Jules continued, hoping the new ghost would not disappear, "most were older. Colonel McCracken, who was the colonel of the regiment, comes to see me often. Also Sergeant Somers of the quartermasters, who gave me chocolate and cigarettes during the offensive. They are both here. You can see their names chiseled on the walls inside." Jules nodded toward the memorial.

"You don't find my name in there," the ghost challenged.

"Oh, yes. I recall a number who are called Pickens." Jules shivered. "You will pardon me, M. le Lieutenant Ghost, but the night air chills my bones. Would you care to come with me to the cottage, or would you prefer to return to your grave?"

"If it's all the same to you," said the ghost, "I'll go to the cottage."

Jules Vinard was rather surprised when in the morning he found the ghost still there. The ghost was sitting at the desk, inspecting a map of the province. Immediately the ghost announced that he was hungry,

(*Continued on page 41*)

WHY FEAR DRIVES THE JAPANESE

It's a built-up bogey—but, brought war with the U. S.

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

BY CARL CROW

Noted authority on the Orient; author of Four Hundred Million Customers, etc.

☆ AFTER a record-breaking run from the naval base near Manila, the navigating officers of the gunboats sighted the gleaming white cone of Fujiyama, then steamed past Treaty Point and into the harbor of Yokohama. From the time they left Cavite the progress of the little flotilla had been followed by the Japanese navy and radio reports sent to headquarters of the general staff in Tokyo. Commanders of the shore batteries were on the alert. Powerful guns were aimed at the boats as soon as they came within range. A dozen staff officers watched through their glasses for any suspicious action, ready to give the signal which would send the entire flotilla to the bottom of the harbor. Crowds of excited Japanese stood on the bluff overlooking the harbor, just as their grandfathers had stood and watched Commodore Perry's ships steam in less than a hundred years earlier. Guns had been trained on Perry's ships as well, though never fired.

There was no sound of battle, but blood was flowing and there was a steadily mounting death toll only a few miles away. Some one had started a rumor that the Korean residents of Tokyo and Yokohama had revolted; that the leader of the Korean revolutionary party had emerged and was renewing the fight for Korean independence. The story spread from street to street through the earthquake-ruined cities, and the terrorized Japanese turned against the Koreans in a bloody man hunt.

It was directed by the police, who consulted their records and pointed out the homes in which the Koreans were hiding. Each was invaded and all its occupants killed—men, women, and children. The slaughter was the kind of bloody work that could only have been done by a mob crazed with terror. More than 9,000 Koreans were killed in four or five days.

The watchers on the bluff who were waiting to see the American gunboats sent to the bottom were disappointed, just as their grandfathers had been. There were no suspicious actions on board the vessels and no order to fire was given.

These events occurred during the first tragic week of September, 1923. On the first day of the month, earthquake, followed by fire and a tidal wave, had almost completely destroyed Tokyo and Yokohama, with a ghastly loss of life. Cracking walls, toppling buildings, and relentless tongues of flame found victims everywhere. Thirty thousand thought they had found safe refuge in a small park in Tokyo, but no one escaped. Altogether the dead and missing numbered over 100,000. Hundreds of wounded died every hour. Millions were homeless. Stores of rice had been burned. Railways were crippled and starvation threatened.

The response from sympathetic and generous America was immediate. Newspapers telling of the disaster had been on the streets only a few hours when men and women began sending in subscriptions to relief funds. The American Red Cross sent out an appeal strongly endorsed by President Coolidge. While the Japanese were slaughtering their Korean neighbors, Americans in all parts of the country were contributing to a fund—the largest the Red Cross had ever raised for the relief of any peacetime disaster on foreign soil. It ran to millions of dollars. American and Chinese residents of Shanghai were filling the holds of a ship with supplies. The Chinese government made a large contribution. The gunboats on which the shore batteries were ready to fire were carrying medical supplies, hospital equipment, food, and clothing taken from United States naval supplies. This was the first help to be received.

These kindly and generous acts did not fit into the picture of America which had been pounded into the minds of the Japanese people by the military party over a period of many years. We had been represented to be a cruel and rapacious power seeking to destroy Japan. The military rulers could not or did not credit us with humanitarian motives. That false picture of America was not changed by the help we gave the earthquake victims, nor has it been by anything we have done since that time.

To the average Japanese, this is a broad and alien world in which his people are isolated and menaced. Fear is a part of the school system. When a little boy enters the kindergarten, he is given toy guns to play with and taught that the only way his group can survive is by fighting a defensive war against the rest of the world. As he grows older he is taught that the destiny of his country rests on military might. He is made to believe that Japan must expand and become the master of other nations, or be herself destroyed. His thoughts are shaped by fear and suspicion of all other nations.

He has never heard of the idea that Japan must expand because the country is crowded and overpopulated, unless he has had a foreign education and reads foreign books and magazines. That was an idea brought into being and carefully cultivated by Japanese diplomats. It was for foreign consumption. The diplomats found that it made sentimental foreigners think less harshly of Japan when she seized some neighbor's territory.

It was principally the foreigners who worried about Japan being overcrowded. Japanese like to be crowded, like to live in chummy intimacy with each other. They know that, in spite of the smallness of their islands, there is no danger of starvation. They have never felt the pinch of land hunger, in spite of all the diplomats have said. Nearly half a century ago they were given an opportunity to emigrate to Formosa without leaving the protection of the Japanese flag. Thirty years ago they were offered the same opportunities in Korea, later in Manchuria. They did not go to any of these places in sufficient number to make any particular change in population statistics. They have not even settled

Japanese militarists have sold their people on Nazi ideology. Have they become Hitler's puppets?

in the lonely vacant places in their own Hokkaido.

The military masters of Japan do not justify the tremendous cost of their military machine by fear of starvation at home. No one in Japan would be frightened by a bogey of that kind. That is the story told us by diplomats and propagandists. They have told it so persistently and successfully that the picture we have of a starving Japan is as false as the picture they have painted at home of us and of other great nations. The average American will tell you that Japan is overpopulated. If he has read much on the subject, he may remark that the population is about 800 to the square mile and that a million Japanese babies are born every year. Statements like that have a dramatic appeal and stick in the memory. Conclusions drawn from them are misleading.

The Empire of Japan no longer consists solely of the chain of volcanic isles stretching out into the Pacific east of the coast of China. Formosa and Korea have been added, and innumerable small islands. To all intents and purposes, Manchukuo is a part of the Japanese Empire. Its area is about three quarters of a million square miles, its population about 140,000,000. The density of population is about 200 per square mile, much less than that of many European countries.

Japan, in times of peace, lives off the sea rather than off the land. Her trawlers and floating canneries travel far. They fish in the territorial waters of Russia and near enough to the shores of Alaska to interfere with our own salmon fisheries. The annual catch of food fish brought into the harbors of Japan is one third of the fish catch of the world. Its market value is almost twice that of our fisheries.

Before the outbreak of the first World War, Japan ordinarily exported more foodstuffs than she imported. The big money made from munitions contracts brought thousands of farm boys and girls from the rice paddy fields to the assembly line. The American woman's passion for silk stockings led to the planting of more mulberry trees. It was more profitable to import rice than to grow it. For several years after the war Japan continued to buy more food than she sold, though the difference was never so great as was generally supposed. The cost of imported foods has never been more than a very small fraction of the cost of maintaining the army.

By 1935 the production of the rice fields had returned to something like normal, the fishing fleet had been expanded, and Japan sold more foodstuffs than she bought. The balance was only a few million yen, but would have been much larger if the products of the sea canneries had been included. It is a little known fact that Japan was the greatest exporter of canned foods in the world. We were her best customer, for we depended on her for crab meat and other sea delicacies.

That is not the whole story. Edible seaweed which is found near her shores forms a staple article of diet, and very good too, as I can testify from experience. The fishermen bring back fish oil and fertilizer. Besides foodstuffs the little farms produce other valuable products—straw for making hats, peppermint oil. Every one is inclined to overlook the fact that silk is an agricultural product. The worms eat mulberry leaves grown on land which could be used to grow more rice.

The Japanese military tycoon was realistic. He painted no picture of threatened starvation to his fellow countrymen. Contentment with his lot is a characteristic of the hard-working peasant, who is overtaxed, eats barley so that he can sell his rice, breeds daughters for the factories and sons for the army. He was told that other nations are envious of Japan because of its wealth, power, and prestige. He has no basis of comparison. The only world he knows is the little patch of land on which he lavishes such care, and the village where on holidays he may get slightly tipsy.

"This heritage of yours is in danger," relentlessly pounded the propaganda of the military machine. "Jealous and envious foreign powers would destroy us. We are the sons of gods, the Emperor is the All-Supreme Ruler of the Universe. Ours is a superior people. We are strong but small in number. Only the strength

(*Continued on page 48*)

ILL. CREATOR SEYMOUR BALL

"I think you're mistaken, M
Gogarthy." As he spoke, Bla
removed Mr. Gogarthy's h
and scaled it out of the windo

MISSISSIPPI BELLE

What trips a woman is what she knows—and Kate Ryan had so much to unlearn!

BY CLEMENTS RIPLEY

READING TIME ● 35 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

☆ WHEN Caitlin Ryan's young husband, Buck Preswald, commits suicide on a Mississippi River boat in 1832, Caitlin, seventeen and only a few months out of a convent school in Boston, is left with no money to take care of herself or the baby that is on the way. Desperate, she accepts the offer of Jim Blake, a gambler, to make her a partner in a gambling house he intends opening in New Orleans.

Under the name of Kate Ryan, she is a sensation as a singer in Blake's place. Her child is born and when he is little more than a baby she sends him to a school near Nashville to which Sister Serena, one of her old teachers, has been appointed. Her one aim is to save enough money to leave New Orleans—where she is looked upon by respectable folk as a "notorious woman"—and live somewhere quietly with her son, James.

She tries to make more money by singing at the New Orleans opera house, but the city will have none of her because of her reputation. On the one and only night she appears, Dan Bedford, a young man from Memphis who was on the boat when Buck killed himself, and who was half in love with Caitlin, attends the performance with his mother. He sees a resemblance in this Kate Ryan to the Mrs. Preswald he knew, and when he goes to Jim Blake's to gamble, so that he can increase the five thousand dollars he has to the ten thousand he needs to buy an interest in a pro-Jackson, pro-Van Buren newspaper, he asks about her. Blake denies that Kate Ryan is Caitlin Preswald, and the subject is dropped. Although the gambling house is supposed to be closed because of a holiday to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, Blake finally consents to let Dan Bedford try his luck.

In the meantime, Caitlin, eager to draw what money she can out of the place so she can make a home for her son, now nearly eight years old, is in Blake's office examining the books.

PART SIX—A BEAUTY AND ANDREW JACKSON

☆ IN the office, Caitlin, her dark brows furrowed and the tip of her pink tongue between her teeth, was finishing her inspection of the books. As usual, they told her nothing very much; but it was just as well to keep Jim honest. Now, hearing the whir of a roulette wheel and voices in a house that was supposed to be closed, she peered through the office peephole.

She saw a personable-looking young man laying down green money in sizable amounts, apparently unperturbed as to whether he won or lost. His face was vaguely familiar—but she knew a lot of men. It was the money that interested her. There seemed to be a lot of it, and from the occasional snatches of talk she overheard the play seemed to run high. She had to stay where she was until she saw how this thing turned out.

Then, suddenly, it was over. She saw Blake, narrow-eyed with concentration, deal the last three cards from the faro box—saw him sweep a pile of green bills from the layout, and saw the young man raise his hands and drop them in the immemorial gesture that says, "That's all!"

Caitlin sank back into a chair, weak with relief.

☆ "AND there goes respectability, Blake!" Dan Bedford was saying cheerfully enough. "And I've got an idea that I'm going to find being an American on his way up more interesting than being a gentleman planter, either standing still or on his way down. One thing money won't buy you is something to get excited about. I'll have more fun—"

"There," Blake agreed, "you have me—for now. You'll have more fun because you're younger and you think you have more capacity for fun. Come back in twenty years and tell me. You won't get your five thousand back, though."

Caitlin, at the peephole, caught the words "five thousand."

She watched the young man leave. Then she braced herself and sailed in, her hand outstretched, primed for trouble.

"Give it to me!"

Blake had prepared himself for something of the sort. He slipped the wad of bills into his pocket. "That, my dear, will take some thinking over." He patted the pocket. "Did you recognize the young man, by any chance?"

"No. What's that got to do with it? I want that money, Jim—I've got to have it!"

"The young man, Kate, is Dan Bedford—remember?"

Her mouth opened. She stared at him. . . . Then her small teeth clicked. "I don't care who he is! You said you didn't have the money. Now you've got it!"

"I tell you, Kate, I'm not just going to hand over this much money for some wild-goose chase. . . . Curious—a young man anxious to stop being a gentleman, a young woman desperate to become a lady—"

He broke off as the sound of fifes and drums came from the street. "The parade—come on!" He drew her out onto the gallery.

☆ THEY came up the street, headed by the Light Guards, crossbelts gleaming, gaitered legs moving as one. Then the veterans—Cajuns from the bayous, ex-pirates from Barataria, elegant Creoles, the Washington Artillery, brass field pieces winking in the sun, horses' hoofs striking sparks from the cobbles. Bands whanged out Hail Columbia, Happy Land. A fife-and-drum corps shrilled The Girl I Left Behind Me. . . . Then, through a sea of sound, a carriage with the lean gray wolf—Andrew Jackson! Seventy-two years old—sick to death of the illness that would shortly kill him. Not bowing—not smiling; the lean face set against the pain that was gnawing him. This was his last fight, and he was a fighter to the finish. Later, the soft political men would twist his words to make fool-traps at a hundred Jackson Day dinners. But today a man who saw him pass drew a sharp breath and knew that here was a man who would have no equivocation and no paltering with national or private honor. Politically, New Orleans didn't like Andrew Jackson; but today he had them on their feet yelling.

Caitlin's eyes studied the frail, indomitable figure, but her thoughts were on Blake. She *had* to have that money.

"Curious—this respectability thing," Blake was saying as they turned back to the game room. "Now, that man who just passed—he was born of the

wool-hats. And he has used the wool-hats to put him where he is. And yet, there's something about him that won't let him be anything but a gentleman. And he's putting up the shoddiest little imitation of a gentleman to be the people's choice for the second time. Little Martin Van Buren, the Red Fox of Kinderhook—make a fair headwaiter! But he's got his feet in the gold trough at the White House."

Caitlin said doggedly, "He got there, didn't he?"

Blake grinned. "Persistency, thy name is woman! . . . Now look here, my dear—it's easier for a man. All a man has to do is to learn the rules. But a woman—what trips a woman isn't what she doesn't know; it's what she does know! Kate, I'd like to think you had some chance. If you had, I'd gamble on you—maybe. But—Kate Ryan from Blake's place! The world comes to New Orleans. Where in the world could you go and be respectable?"

☆ SUDDENLY Caitlin, clutching at any straw, gripped one that might hold. "Right to Memphis—the town that Andrew Jackson, wool-hat come silk-hat, founded. Why not?"

"Memphis?" Blake stared. "My dear, use what sense you've got! Didn't you see young Bedford in here twenty minutes ago? He lives there—he'd recognize you in a second."

"That's it!" Caitlin was desperate. "He'd recognize me—because I'd make him recognize me. He'd recognize me as Mrs. Preswald, whose husband shot himself eight years ago. He wouldn't know me when he first saw me. I didn't know him, and—and I guess I must have changed some in eight years. But if I went upriver on the Vicksburg tomorrow—don't you see? I'd wear something very simple, something that wouldn't look like Kate Ryan at all. I'd recognize Mr. Bedford. And when Mr. Bedford recognized me as Mrs. Beuchleigh Preswald, then I'd be Mrs. Beuchleigh Preswald!"

"You're mad, Kate!" But Blake was beginning to get an idea that interested him. "Half New Orleans will recognize you and yell, 'Hey, Kate!'"

She drew herself to a slim, affronted, timid, respectable widow. "I'm sorry, sir—you've evidently made a mistake." She turned herself into a six-foot young man, embarrassed but punctilious. She removed, slightly, an imaginary beaver hat. "Your pardon, sir. This lady—I'm afraid you're in error, sir. Bedford is my name. Happy to make your acquaintance—later."

Blake drew a quick breath. "By heaven! You *have* got quick brains, Kate! And courage! That's just about the one way you could call the turn. *L'audace—encore, et toujours, l'audace!*" . . . He thought a moment. "But going up on the Vicksburg—half New Orleans is going upriver with the Jackson party; the other half is trying to get on the boat. You can't get a place on the Vicksburg. Now listen, Kate—make sense! If this young Dan Bedford recognized you as Mrs. Preswald in the middle of all the excitement—yes, maybe it would work. If you just landed there later, it wouldn't. And there's no chance of getting you onto the Vicksburg. . . . Kate, stay here until after the election—it's only a few months. If the Whigs win in New Orleans—and they will—that'll open things up. The reform crowd will sing small and you'll be a rich woman."

Caitlin was frantic. "I don't want to be a rich woman! I want to be Mrs. Beuchleigh Preswald, and I want to bring my baby up like his father's people. If I can't do double bezique with this Bedford, I'll do it some other way. But I want that money. I'll get a lawyer—"

Blake saw her face stiffen—her eyes go past his shoulder to something behind him. "I'll law him to the Supreme Court—" she was going on, with hardly a flicker of hesitation. "I'll— Why, hello, Otto!"

That, Blake knew, was his cue to turn. He saw Otto Schwellenbach, and along with him a stocky hard-faced man chewing a cigar and wearing a plug hat (although Otto had removed his). . . . He stepped over and shook Otto's hand. "Haven't seen you in a dog's age!" he said heartily. "Not since you turned Whig."

"Yump!" said Schwellenbach, flushing and grinning unhappily. "Turn about iss fair play—not? We are protruding, maybe?" . . . To Caitlin—*Küss die Hand, Gnädige!*" He gave the back of his own big hand a loud smack and wafted it at her. . . . He indicated his companion, who stood, hands in his trousers pockets, legs apart, cigar tilted, surveying the room with small pale-blue eyes. "Dis iss Mr. Gogarthy—comes especial from New York about politics. . . . Miss Ryan, permit I present Mr. Gogarthy. . . . Take, *bitte*, the hat off, Mr. Gogarthy."

Mr. Gogarthy removed his eyes from his survey of the room. He made a nod, which might have been to anybody. "Nice place y' got here." He moved his cigar by one roll of his lips from one corner of his mouth to the other. "I don't take off my hat in any fancy-house."

☆ WHAT happened then was so fast, so quiet, so smoothly violent that Caitlin hardly knew it had happened, even after it had happened.

Blake took one step. "I think you're mistaken, Mr. Gogarthy." As he spoke, he removed Mr. Gogarthy's hat and sealed it out of the window. Mr. Gogarthy took a step back; his hands started up. But Otto Schwellenbach, who had learned rough-and-tumble on a shoveling gang, was somehow blocking Mr. Gogarthy's hands. Otto removed Mr. Gogarthy's cigar and tossed it after the hat. Blake's nostrils were white. Otto's face was fiery red.

Mr. Gogarthy looked from one to the other. Blake was ready with the quiet readiness of a big cat. Otto was big—hard-muscled. Mr. Gogarthy had not become an important New York politician without learning how to back down gracefully—or, if necessary, to crawl out. . . . This seemed to call for a compromise.

He bowed to Caitlin. "Y' servant, ma'am." He bowed to Blake. "Guess I didn't understand how things were here in New Orleans. Mind sendin' somebody after my hat?"

"I'll tell Coolin!" Caitlin, a little breathless, moved to the door.

"Thanks, ma'am! . . . Well, let's get down to business. I'm from the National Committee—here to raise the wind to put Harrison and Tyler over. You're down for a thousand."

Blake frowned. "That's a lot of money for times like these. Still—you'll have to wait six months for it, though."

"We wait," Schwellenbach assured him. And to Mr. Gogarthy, "When Mr. Blake says he's good for it, he is."

Caitlin came back in time to hear Blake ask, "Who is this Whig candidate—this Harrison? What does he stand for?"

Mr. Gogarthy grinned. That, he explained, was just the point—he didn't stand for anything. He couldn't offend any section. Good Virginia family—but he had farmed in Ohio. He was governor of Indiana. Had a record as a general against the British in 1812. His real record had come in a frontier fight at Tippecanoe. Then, Tyler would be on the ticket too—

☆ CAITLIN heard the roll of the Indian name. "Tippecanoe—and Tyler too!" Her foot tapped the measure. "It sounds like a song."

Otto Schwellenbach smacked his big fist into his palm. "*Aber—ja!*" he burst out excitedly. "A song it could be! We get somebody to write words—music. Miss Ryan starts it off. Woosh—it sweeps the River!"

Mr. Gogarthy frowned. Then, caught by Otto's enthusiasm, he said, "Yep—by heaven, it could help!"

"Help!" Blake stared at him. "It gives you the key to the campaign. Get a good homespun melody. Dress your man in buckskin, coontail cap. Log cabins—home-pressed cider—hoedowns! You can beat little dapper Van Buren and his gold plates with Jackson's own home-pressed platform. You can knock the New Orleans vote loose with 'Tippecanoe and Tyler too.' . . . But don't forget, gentlemen, we're not giving anything away today. 'Tippecanoe and Tyler too' belongs to us. You've got to pay for it."

"Pay? What you talkin' about?"

"I'm talking about a passage upriver tomorrow on the Vicksburg. We've got a friend who wants to go."

"Couldn't be done." Schwellenbach shook his head. "The boat iss full up—you know that."

"Oh, you'll find a way, Otto—if you want to beat Van Buren. And that phrase will do it."

"Nothin' to stop us usin' it anyhow," said Mr. Gogarthy.

"Nothing," Blake agreed, "except

the fact that the phrase and the song were started by—you'll pardon me, Kate—Kate Ryan of Blake's place in the New Orleans French Quarter. Break that in the middle of your campaign of homespun virtue and—well, you're walking on delicate ground, but use your own judgment."

"You can't prove it."

"My word against yours," Blake agreed cheerfully. "Mine's always been good—I don't know about yours."

Schwellenbach nudged Mr. Gogarthy. "Shut op! . . . All right—we fix the Vicksburg someway."

☆ "JIM, you *are* a good man!" Caitlin clasped his hand in both of hers.

Blake smiled, but she did not miss a certain pain behind it, and it hurt her, too. . . . "You've made your own game so far," he said. "But, Kate dear, it doesn't do to push a run too far. . . . Kate, stay here—marry me. Take a trip—go to see the boy, and come back. If the Whig ticket wins in New Orleans, we'll be rich in two years. We'll sell out—go to Europe and bring the youngster up as he ought to be brought up." Shamelessly, now, he was trying to buy her with James' future. "We can do twice as much for him that way."

"Ah, Jim—" She patted his hand. She was guessing a little of what it cost his pride to offer himself this way. She knew that there was only one thing Jim Blake really wanted—herself. And seemingly that was just the one thing he couldn't have. She didn't know why this was. It wasn't Buck's death—she had stopped holding him responsible for that long ago. It was just— "Ah, Jim, you're the best friend I ever had—but I can't love you. Oh, I hate to ask you to back my play after this—"

Blake smiled and shrugged. He had his gambling face on now—he had bet a long shot and lost. He said, "My dear, Mrs. Beuchleigh Preswald is a slightly shabby young widow in very moderate but respectable circumstances. She never heard the phrase 'back my play' in her life." He pulled a bell. . . . "Kate, you've got so much to unlearn!"

Erasmus appeared. "Erasmus," Blake said, "Mrs. Preswald is going up to Memphis tomorrow on the Vicksburg. I'm lending you to her. You're to go with her and take care of her."

Erasmus stared at his master, stricken.

"We'll have to buy her a maid," Blake was going on. "See to that this afternoon. Pick a good one—no flip little wench—and I'll do the trading later."

"Mr. Blake! Who'll take care of your linen—your—"

"I'll find somebody for the time being. You're Mrs. Preswald's butler—been with her since she was a child—you understand?" Blake was hiding his hurt behind a mercilessly placid mask. "You'll know how to be just the kind of butler she needs."

Erasmus straightened. He was grayish about the mouth. . . . Suddenly he ducked a bow and pulled wool. "Yasso—yasso, Maussa Blake, suh! Yasso, li'l missy, ma'am! An' might I politely ax how fur up de ole Mizz'-sip' us aimin' to go?"

Blake looked at him coldly. "You speak better English than I do, Erasmus. What are you trying to do?"

"Ah tryin' to talk like dem upriver folks 'spects a ol' nigger to talk, maussa! Funnier we talks, de mo' dem upriver folks laks us, suh. An' de Yankees—lawzee! Ah got a heap o' funniness in me you ain' heared yit, maussa!"

"You let me hear any more of it—" Blake began.

"Jim, he doesn't *want* to go! And I don't want him!" Caitlin protested.

BY REAMER KELLER

"I guess I should have bought her smelling salts instead of candy."

"You're going to have him, just the same." Blake's tone was white-cold. "He knows the rules of respectability better than anybody I know. I'm not risking five thousand on you and not backing the play. . . . Erasmus"—his face softened—"I'm asking for your help, as you'd ask for mine if you needed it."

Erasmus straightened. "Yes, Mr. Blake; you have it, sir."

"I tell you," Caitlin began, "I won't—"

"You'll do just what I tell you, my dear, if you want to go upriver. You'll spend tonight making over some of your old costumes into quiet, slightly shabby dresses. You're young—you've left off mourning. But you dress quietly, a couple of years behind the styles. Something nobody will notice. If you work all night you'll be pale enough tomorrow. When you get aboard the Vicksburg, go straight to your cabin and stay there until Erasmus tells you to come out."

"Jim! You're wonderful!"

☆ BELLS banged, whistles tooted, brass bands whanged brassily in a dozen keys and a dozen tunes. The Washington Artillery paraded and reparaded. Little boys threw snap crackers and little girls screamed or were nasty and supercilious. A second steamboat puffed and churned and bumped and creaked and was finally made fast to the Vicksburg as a guard of honor, to carry excess New Orleans notables ten miles upriver with General Jackson.

The Washington Artillery fired a Presidential salute of twenty-one cannon. Black wenches screamed and white ladies fainted and had to be restored with burnt chicken feathers.

Caitlin, in spite of Blake's injunction to go to her cabin and stay there, couldn't resist a peep at the excitement. And so, at the last moment, when the order had been given to cast off, she saw the commotion on the levee.

The crowd was burst asunder by a dozen young gentlemen of the Washington Artillery in their white breeches, dark coats, and shakos. Through the lane they made came a yellow-haired, fluttery lady, walking with little quick steps, gasping and breathless with trying to hurry, yearned over by the two young officers who escorted her. One held up a commanding hand.

The captain swore. The pilot, scorning the conveniently placed sawdust box, spat in a twenty-foot arc, over the heads of the ladies and gentlemen, accurately overside.

"When we get theah," he observed, "that's yo' business. *Do* we get theah—that's my business. An' we do!"

The captain swore again as the sweating, singing roustabouts ran the gangplank out again. The lady came aboard, hand at her fluttering breast.

"Cast off!" yelled the captain for the second time. Wet ropes smacked the deck. Paddles churned. The Washington Artillery fired another salute.

Caitlin had watched the fluttery lady come aboard. She had seen young Bedford leap forward to meet her. She had tried to memorize the little helpless gestures. Erasmus had come up behind and told her the cabin was ready. She wanted to be fair to Blake, but, heaven above, did she have to be like that?

☆ MISS LILIAN LANSFIELD knew that the lady who came late was the lady everybody looked at. As a little girl in Baltimore coming breathless into dancing school, she had learned that the little boys always wanted to find out why she was late.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she gasped as a dozen masculine hands helped her up the last teetery part of the gangplank. "I—I stopped to speak to a poor old beggar—I shouldn't have. Oh, thank you so much! But things do wring your heart—don't you think? . . . Oh, I'm being silly—I just can't help it!"

A dozen sprigs vied for the honor of presenting General Jackson to Miss Lansfield. She was even more breathless—it hurt the grace of her curtsy. But she was sure that General Jackson would understand her embarrassment—he was a really great man.

You know, there really must be something about her! General Jackson had been so polite! And he would be very useful later to the Cause!

Which cause? . . . Why, of course, The Cause! She could see General Jackson bringing her forward by the hand: "And this, fellow citizens, is the lady who has inspired this—this—"

She leaned on the rail of the Vicksburg and answered the foolish words of the young men on either side of her. But her face was set toward the west. Humanity—so much to be done!

☆ AS a little golden-haired girl in Baltimore she had carried baskets of goodies to the little poor children. How her heart had ached for them—how her spirit had risen in revolt! All the little poor children ought to be *rich* children. And all the little rich children ought—well, that wasn't very *practical*. But she was sure there was something—*something* she could do to help! In a uniform—but the only costumes were so ugly! . . . Then there was the antitobacco campaign. She met such earnest, splendid men in that one! But there was a smell of peppermint about them, and all the attractive men about Baltimore did ride races and have tobacco interests and go to the dances—where the peppermint men didn't. Oh, it was hard to do something for humanity—it surely was. . . . She had tried the teetotalism cause—but after hearing about three good laughs she had decided that the time was not ripe!

Anyway, she had had such an inspiring talk with the general. Such a lovely old gentleman—so understanding. He had really been deeply affected when she told him how she admired all he had done for humanity. He had covered his feelings by pretending to cough behind his handkerchief. "Ma'am, I surely appreciate what you' sayin'. You'll pardon me. Little tizzicky cough—time fo' my medicine. . . . Dan, if you'll just see me to my cabin—ma'am, yo' servant!

"Whew! Ten minutes more of that woman would run me crazy!" the general grunted as Dan helped him down the deck. "Men world savers are bad enough, but women world savers!"

"She's mighty pretty, though," Dan suggested. "Watch that step, sir—easy does it!"

"Pretty—hell!" The lean face twisted with pain. "Tell me when yo' my age who's pretty! She's a world saver and a good-doer. Seen plenty in my time—mixin' in other folks' business. Ease me down on the bed—"

"You're not half as feeble as you pretend to be, sir!" Dan grinned.

Jackson didn't grin back. He fought for breath. "Hell, I'm twice as feeble!" . . . He relaxed a moment. . . . "Son, they tell me you cut the fool—gamblin' away all yo' money."

"Well, I reckon I did, sir. I had five thousand—needed ten. I wanted to start a Democratic newspaper in Memphis. Thought I might try for the Assembly on it."

Jackson coughed again. "Boy, five thousand is a lot of money when you need it and ain't got it. Run for the Assembly anyhow. They'll lick you—that's how you learn to lick them. Son, you don't start with winnin'—you mighty near start at a dead loss. You stay and stay and stay—you outstay; that's how you get goin'." The old man caught a couple of hard breaths and began to talk about horses. Dan had to hear the tale again of the general's great horse Truxton—how he had lost and lost and had finally come through when pretty nearly everything the general had in the world was on his back.

"Now, that might make sense!" he cracked out suddenly. "Gamblin' on a horse you've raised and trained yourself is one thing. Gamblin' yo' patrimony away on a gamblin' table is another. You cut the fool, Dan!"

"Yes, sir—" Dan was prepared to take a lecture.

But the general was fighting for breath again. He got it, and grinned wanly. "Son—I got my patrimony at fifteen. Lost it, dicin' an' racin' at Charleston, in six months. Won a big plantation playin' rattle-and-snap—threw the dice lucky—before I was twenty-five. . . . Lord, if a young buck can't cut the fool when he's young, when can he? But, son, it wasn't cuttin' the fool, or any kind of luck, made me President of the United States. It was work—work—work! Folks work, sun-up to sundown. Twelve hours summer, ten hours winter. Come day, go day, God send Sunday. That's most folks. A few folks put in five hours extra—not paid for. Thinkin'! Studyin' things! Those are the folks that get along better. . . . And how the twelve-hour folks hate 'em!"

The general fell into a fit of coughing. The lean body heaved to it. Dan put his head under the pillow and raised it. The general said, "You fool—you think I'm dyin'? I've got years to live yet. But don't you talk, Dan Bedford—you let me talk. I know you for honest—not scared. If you run for the Assembly from Shelby County, I think you'll be licked. I think yo' licking may teach you something, son. It's possible that I could find a politician who could win in Shelby. I'd rather find a man who'd lose than a politician who'd win. A man is worth ten politicians, any time. . . . Now I want to take a nap o' sleep."

☆ IN her cabin, hearing the churn of the paddles, Caitlin had her moment of panic. Now that she was really in it, it just didn't seem possible that she could make a go of it.

However, it was characteristic of Caitlin that she couldn't worry long about what might happen. What hurt was what *had* happened. Simple devoted Coolin had appeared at the last moment with his jimswinger coat and high hat, and his little bag all packed and ready, grinning like a monkey with the excitement of the trip in prospect. And Coolin's face when she had to tell him he wasn't going—that really hurt!

She had even had a wild idea of taking him. But Blake was granite. The chucker out from Blake's was not just what would help Mrs. Preswald in the next months.

The best she could do—a bad best—was to promise Coolin that if ever she needed him she'd send for him. But the whipped-dog look in his simple foolish eyes brought tears into her own.

She dashed them aside hastily as a triple knock sounded at her cabin door. That was the signal she had arranged with Erasmus. It meant that young Dan Bedford would be on deck. Now was the time. Everything—the whole course of her life—would be decided in the next five minutes.

She took a long breath and opened the door. For an instant she stood, blinded by the sudden gush of white sunlight. Then, at a nudge from Erasmus, she saw Dan Bedford. He was leaning on the rail, his hat off and the river breeze ruffling his sandy hair, talking to that yellow-head who had come aboard late. Beyond, they had placed a chair for General Jackson, and a crowd of New Orleans notables were gathered about him. . . . She couldn't do it! Panic took her.

Then she was doing it. Holding her courage in both hands, she was putting one foot after another. . . . Ten feet—he hadn't noticed her yet. . . . Another ten feet. He had looked up, casual—then a little puzzled. She saw recognition begin to dawn.

A hand touched her elbow. A voice behind her said, "Heyo, Kate? What you doing here?"

It was Bruce Norris!

☆ SHE had thought of a hundred things—but not this. And then she heard her own voice—a little startled and timid, but perfectly collected: "I beg your pardon, sir—I don't think I know you." A little smile—no indignation.

"Hey, Kate, what's the game?"

She raised her voice just a little: "You've mistaken me for some one else, sir. My name is not Kate—I'm Mrs. Preswald—"

She saw the startled recognition in Dan Bedford's eyes. The next second he was bowing before her.

"Mrs. Preswald! Is there anything I can—"

She smiled. "Why, Mr. Bedford! Of all people! . . . Why, it's nothing—this gentleman mistook me for some one he knew."

"This is Mrs. Preswald," Dan told the astonished Norris. "I've known her for years. You'll pardon us." He offered his arm and led her up the deck, while Norris stared after them.

Norris turned back to his companion, one Pierre Laduc, who was grinning broadly.

"So the lovely Kate has given you turnips, *hein?*"

"That wasn't Kate Ryan!" Norris' tone was short. He was sorely puzzled and Pierre's grin irritated him.

"Not Kate? Name of a name, Bruce, d'you think I don't know Kate Ryan when I see her? A hundred, even—

done! . . . It is for you to prove it."

It was Kate all right, Norris thought. But he needed a hundred, and Pierre was ripe for plucking. . . . He glanced up the deck. "Know who that nice young man was, Pierre? That was Dan Bedford—planting people, near to Memphis. Good back-country family—respectable—pure as all hell. Jackson Democrat. Says that's a Mrs. Preswald and that he's known her for years. Want to double, Pierre?"

"Pah! What does he know?"

"Look, Pierre—watch!" . . . Up the deck, Dan Bedford was presenting General Jackson to Mrs. Preswald. The yellow-headed girl was looking a bit sour behind her smile. . . . "Two hundred, Pierre? Two hundred says that General Jackson has not just been presented to Kate Ryan of Blake's."

"*Zut alors!* How does that prove—"

"It's proof enough for me, Pierre. But if you want more, go ask 'em. I don't know a thing about young Bedford's pistol, but I'm told the general shoots very nice."

"Yankee! Always the trick! My life against a hundred dollars! *Eh bien*—" He peeled it angrily from his roll.

Bruce Norris counted over the hundred. Nice to have it—and to take Pierre down. But that was Kate, all right; he could break her down if he had ten minutes alone with her. . . . But it didn't look as though he'd get the chance. The guard-of-honor boat, lashed alongside the Vicksburg, would be turning back in another ten minutes—he had to go back with her.

☆ CAITLIN saw Bruce Norris cross the plank to the other boat just before it cast off. Perhaps nothing in her life had been such a relief. She set her face to the future with a feeling that she had been born again.

Miss Lansfield watched Dan Bedford hover over this Mrs. Preswald with decided distaste. Naturally, Miss Lansfield didn't care anything about Mr. Bedford, and there were plenty of other young men only too glad to give her a flutter. But her motto was, "There shall be no other females before me!" and if there were, it was Wrong. And where she found Wrong she invariably did something about it.

"What a pretty dress!" said Miss Lansfield. "So becoming. Did you make it yourself?"

"Yes, Miss Lansfield." . . . All night last night, cutting to pieces the creation of the most expensive couturière in New Orleans.

"How clever of you! And such lovely material! So *durable!* Four years ago, when padusoys went out, I was in *despair!* The materials nowadays are so flimsy. Don't you find it so?"

Caitlin stifled the slim quick girl from Blake's. Oh, she could have given this yellow-head her comeuppance! But it was actually more fun to be Mrs. Preswald. . . . She said, "Yes, it does wear well, Miss Lansfield. I'm afraid I don't know much about the latest materials, but this has worn wonderfully for the last five years."

Andrew Jackson looked straight at her. "I agree with you, Mrs. Preswald. Honest stuff wears better. More becoming, too."

Later, when the general went back to his cabin, he asked Dan about her. Dan told him what he knew—her having gone down to the lower deck to tend the injured Paddies—Buck's loss of a fortune, and his death.

"She's like the girls I used to know," the general said between coughs. "Bring her down here to talk to me sometime—if she wants to come, o' course. But keep that laughin' hyena away."

Caitlin found that it really was fun,

KIRK STILES

"Darling, you made a sit-down strike!"

being Mrs. Preswald—curbing her tongue, ruining all the yellow-head's little tricks by agreeing with her. . . . Oh, the yellow-head was playing right into her hands. She was making Mrs. Preswald out to be a shabby little person who made her own clothes and wore them for years. . . . And that was exactly what Mrs. Preswald wanted to be.

☆ DAN BEDFORD led her, curiously embarrassed, down to General Jackson's cabin. He said, "Mrs. Preswald, why don't you sing for him? You know, the old swinging songs he likes? He's a great Old Man."

Now there was a thing! She had promised Jim Blake solemnly that she would not sing a note whatever. . . . "You might get by on your face, Kate," he had said, "but nobody who has ever heard you sing is going to mistake your voice—not with the face too." And he had told her what to say.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Bedford. I'd do anything to pleasure General Jackson. But since that night— Sure, I don't like to talk about it, Mr. Bedford—but the singing went from me then and there. I've not sung since—I can't!"

Oh, it was so easy to fool Dan Bedford! He understood perfectly. . . . So easy!

General Jackson lay, thin, under a sheet. He grinned when Dan led Caitlin in. "Kind of you to come, my dear—can't give you much entertainment. Just old stories. But I like to see your face—puts me in mind of girls I used to know—"

"Ah, sure, sir." Caitlin was abashed. But she saw that the general's pillow had slipped slantways. She fixed it without saying anything, and brought fresh water for his carafe.

He rambled on, telling old stories—more to Dan than to her. Once in a while he'd crack out something in a whiplash voice—mostly something she didn't understand—something about politics. Once he said, "I've never had but two failures in my administration. One: I never got Henry Clay at the point of my pistol. Two: I never got to hang John C. Calhoun. . . . Well—maybe a man can make worse mistakes. Mrs. Preswald, if you don't mind turnin' that pillow again, I'll catch me a nap o' sleep. . . . Your pardon, ma'am."

"You—you're crying, ma'am!" Dan Bedford stared at her as the two came out on deck. "Is there anything—"

"Why wouldn't I be crying?" Caitlin whirled on him. "There is the greatest man I ever saw. Don't ask me why—but there is a man, I'd clean his boots!"

Dan Bedford looked at her. "Yeh," he said slowly. "Yeh—so would I."

He stuck out a big reddish paw. She put her small square hand into it. They shook hands solemnly, without a word.

☆ AT Memphis, Caitlin, Dan Bedford, and Miss Lansfield went ashore.

Dan Bedford escorted Miss Lansfield, who was to visit out at the McVeigh Plantation. Caitlin, with Erasmus handling things, had already disappeared, as a modest widow lady should, and taken up temporary quarters at the new Gayoso House on Front Street. It was a nice place, although the streets on both sides of it were quagmires. But she had to find herself a little quiet house where a little quiet widow could live quietly with her son James.

Naturally, she didn't even look at Beale Street, where the great houses were. But Pontotoc Street wasn't far off. . . . Caitlin had learned to judge respectability in terms of real estate. She made a hard trade for the rental of a little white house on Pontotoc Street. It had a small neat yard with a picket fence. That would keep James in.

☆ DAN BEDFORD walked into the one-story frame shanty that housed the new Memphis paper—the Appeal. He didn't have any ten thousand dollars to buy in—he just decided to declare himself in.

The back room held the hand press. The front room was the brainery. The editor sat in a splint-bottomed chair, with his back to the door. (Later, he would sit facing the door, with a pistol on the desk—but what he had on the desk now was a pair of ample boots.) The boots had a fine shine on them and the editor was contemplating

(*Continued on page 49*)

WHY THE STARS LAUGH

M-G-M

LANA TURNER

ANN SHERIDAN

A certain ingenious ventriloquist set himself up as a spirit medium. One young lady who came to him was especially impressed when, during a two-hour séance, he brought into the darkened room the voices of no fewer than seven of her departed relatives.

"That's amazing," she told him. "And now do you think you could call up my dead aunt for me? She has been gone a very long time."

The ventriloquist had had a hard day.

"Lady," he said, looking at her wearily, "I can call up your dead aunt and drink a glass of water at the same time."

Corny or comical—Believe it or not, here's an authentic taste of Hollywood's favorite humor

COMPILED BY
HOWARD SHARPE

Having heard glowing accounts of the happiness an English refugee child could bring into an American home, Mr. and Mrs. Van Stuff applied for one—and got it. They had expected a golden-haired little number who would curtsy in the accepted fashion and be properly brave about her plight. Instead, they got a chimney-sweep's daughter, obviously unfamiliar with soap and hot water. Taking the wretchedly filthy child home, the Van Stuffs began scrubbing. Twelve rinses and three bars of soap later, the child stuck her nose out of the lather and remarked:

"You don't want a Henglish girl. Wot you want is a bloomin' duck!"

CARY GRANT

The hotel manager was interviewing a group of colored men who had come to apply for a job as porter.

"What," he asked of Goldenfleece Jones, "is the difference between courtesy and tact?"

"Tha's a pipe," Goldenfleece answered at once. "The las' place that I works I *accidentally walk into a bath*room one day and theah a lady is sittin' in the bathtub. So I backs out and says, 'Beg pahdon, suh.' That 'Beg pahdon' was courtesy—but, man, that 'suh' was *tact!*"

JEANETTE MACDONALD

A happy young lark one day noticed a sparrow sitting huddled dejectedly on a limb, nursing many wounds. One leg was in a sling, most of his feathers were gone, and both eyes were black.

"Jeepers, what happened to you?" asked the lark, alighting on a near-by twig.

"Yesterday," replied the sparrow, "I was as healthy and happy as you are. And I thought I'd just pop on over to Beverly Hills and take a look at those big estates I'd heard about. But when I passed one house there were a lot of people running around in a little cleared space in the garden, so I dipped down closer to find out what they were doing—and all of a sudden I found myself involved in *the* darnedest badminton game!"

BING CROSBY

A professional philanthropist, having donated a swimming pool to a sanitarium for mental invalids, quite naturally went to the *institution on the day his pool was completed, in order to receive* the inmates' expressions of gratitude. As his car drew to a halt the entire assemblage of patients hurried up to him.

"You couldn't have given us anything we'd enjoy more," one of them said. "We've been using it all morning. I've been practicing my swan dive, and you should see Mr. Higgins do his three somersaults with a full gainer."

"It's a honey of a pool," agreed Mr. Higgins. "And, oh boy, think what it's going to be like when we get some water in it!"

LIONEL BARRYMORE

This concerns a windy day, a double-decker bus, and a girl in a short skirt.

Seated on the top deck, the little lady was not concerned with what the wind did to her skirt until a robust old Scot took a seat from which he could observe her. Then she struggled valiantly to keep her knees covered, although each time she pulled her skirt into a properly demure position a gust of wind would toss it back again.

After several minutes of battle between the girl and the wind, during which she grew progressively angry and frustrated, the Scot said abruptly:

"Dinna fuss y'self, lassie. Dinna fuss y'self. Drink's *my* weakness."

BETTE DAVIS

A psychiatrist, consultant on the staff of a large asylum, visited an inmate in solitary confinement and found the loon wearing nothing at all—except a top hat.

"How come no clothes?" asked the psychiatrist.

"Well, I'm warm enough; and then, too, nobody ever comes to see me here in solitary, so why bother to dress?"

"But that's reasonable!" the psychiatrist cried, pleased at the patient's progress. "That's even sane! Only, why are you wearing the hat?"

"Oh," said the nut, "you never can tell. Somebody *might* come."

CLARK GABLE

An American business man in a South American country decided to send his girl friend, who lived in the States, a present. After a long search for something suitable, he discovered a remarkable parrot, so highly prized that the government at first refused to let it leave the state. However, after much string-pulling and considerable expense, the business man got it packed and sent off, and waited confidently for a glowing wire or letter of thanks.

The girl friend sent him several letters during the next six months, but not once did she *mention the parrot. Somewhat nettled, the man* looked her up when he returned to the United States, and the first thing he asked her was whether or not she liked his gift.

"Oh, my gosh!" she exclaimed apologetically. "I *meant* to write and *thank* you for that. . . . It was the most delicious thing I ever ate."

WHAT DO YOU REMEMBER ABOUT 1941?

A QUIZ BY TED SHANE

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

Grade yourself as follows:

35 Correct ..... Excellent
30 Correct ..... Good
25 Correct ..... Fair
20 Correct ..... Passing
Under 20 ..... Failing

1—What ecdysiast took time off between bumps to write a best seller?

2—Who paid a flying visit to Scotland to see the Duke of Hamilton and was asked to stay?

3—After they totaled it up, what was the United States 1940 census: 115,000,000? 200,000,000? 131,000,000? 125,000,000? 141,000,000? 550,000,000? 1,000,000,000?

4—How did Paul Collette distinguish himself?

5—Explain the following figures: (*a*) 7 P. M. to 7 A. M. (*b*) Six feet 10⅞. (*c*) Fifty-six games.

6—Of what great man who died during the year did Clemenceau once say: "So you're a Premier now. What a comedown!"

7—Who said: "I lost my head and a million bucks!" And who said: "I forgot to duck!"

8—What novel won the Pulitzer Prize for 1941?

9—Who was (*a*) Urry Upkins? (*b*) Winnie? (*c*) The Lady in the Dark?

10—Who was Market Wise?

11—Whose diary made the most popular reading in 1941?

12—(*a*) Who was the victim of the famous Yanks in the R. A. F. (Rout After Fumble) play? (*b*) Who made F. O. B. famous? What does it mean?

13—Identify (*a*) Mazur. (*b*) Maazel. (*c*) von Steulpnagel. (*d*) Prinz Eugen. (*e*) Bill Gallon.

14—In the sporting world, whose death was erroneously reported? Whose was most tragic?

15—What funny man was awarded the Royal Order of the Raspberry for his broadcasts from the Hotel Adlon?

16—What five famous people started to return home to their parents after all these years—but haven't quite made it?

17—This expression was on every one's lips for a time; translate it: "Rawlson on the rillerah and a braw-lah, braw-lah, suet!"' What language is it from?

18—The women of the United States got an awful scare last summer, made an attack on the stores. Why?

19—Was the Zamzam a new dance, a new candy bar, or a new Liberian oath?

20—What war began January 1, ended during October, and was fought entirely on the radio? What bird was a casualty in this war?

21—Give the maiden names of the following lovely gals who ankled to the altar in '41: Mrs. Deanna Paul. Mrs. Judy Rose. Mrs. Brenda Kelly. Mrs. Mary Louise Conn. Mrs. Evalyn Washington Reynolds. Mrs. Merle Korda. Mrs. Rosalind Brisson.

22—What horse cost $700 and has already won a fortune?

23—What was Macroberts' Reply?

24—Who was picked as the Best Dressed Man in Washington? New York? Hollywood? London?

25—(*a*) What ballplayer was going to win thirty games in '41? Did he? (*b*) Who won the National Open Golf title? (*c*) Name the United States Singles champions.

26—Who is Douglas Robert Stewart Bader and what happened to him during the summer?

27—What little well known man moved out of Washington after eight years of residence in the same office building?

28—What special significance did 1776 come to have in 1941?

29—One of these places did not suffer an earthquake last year: New England, Tokyo, Rumania, Los Angeles, Mexico City. Which?

30—What motion-picture actor was drafted? What famous ballplayer? Detroit millionaire's grandson? What runner, after setting two world's records, was declared unfit?

31—Unscramble the following jumbles, all of which came into prominence in '41: COALA. MOP. Vinvitol. Hash.

32—Fill in the missing names in these popular 1941 items of entertainment: What Makes —— Run? Meet —— Doe. The Lady ——. That —— Woman. My Sister ——. Cheers for Miss ——.

33—The stone faces on Mount Rushmore were finally unveiled. Name them.

34—What great romance and what great tragedy took place in the circus?

35—Why was it suggested that BBC play You Made Me Love You But I Didn't Wanna Do It! on the radio?

36—The estate of Charles M. Schwab, tycoon, was finally settled. He left—Nothing? $2,000,000,000? $28.50? Minus $345,212.76? Everything to the government?

37—At whose trial did the defendants bang their heads against tables recklessly, scream, and play mad?

38—What movie actor made an official goodwill tour of South America?

39—Name the new members of the Supreme Court appointed in 1941.

40—Hedwig Eve Maria Kiesler Mandl Markey had her name changed legally to what?

(Answers will be found on page 31)

WINNERS IN LIBERTY'S $2,000 HISTORY OF OUR FLAG CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE, $500
Mrs. James R. Austin
Arlington, Va.

SECOND PRIZE, $250
Mildred L. Walter
Birmingham, Ala.

THIRD PRIZE, $100
Harry V. Burl
Peru, Ind.

FOURTH PRIZE, $50
Marie D. Marotta
The Bronx, New York

FIVE FIFTH PRIZES, EACH $10
Etta Dettmer
Columbus, Ind.
Barbara Dressell
Kansas City, Mo.
Mrs. J. W. Michaels
Durham, N. C.
Mrs. H. L. Walter
Filer, Ida.
Miss Loa G. Winegar
Byron Center, Mich.

210 PRIZES, EACH $5

Edson Abel, San Francisco, Calif.; Edna Allen, Chicago, Ill.; Mary M. Allen, Elwood, Ind.; Mrs. E. W. Allison, Kansas City, Kan.; Margaret Anderson, Dorchester, Mass.; Miss McCallum Aymett, Memphis, Tenn.; Miss B. Joyce Beer, North Wales, Pa.; Velma Nan Bailey, San Bernardino, Calif.; Frida C. Ball, Yeadon, Pa.; Madeleine Baridon, Des Moines, Ia.; Mrs. J. Bartel, Manitowoc, Wis.; J. H. Barter, Community Hospital, San Mateo, Calif.; Pearl A. Baxter, Allston, Mass.; Roxina Baxter, Antigo, Wis.; Maude T. Bays, Skene, Miss.; Augusta Beauchamp, Greenville, Tex.; Mrs. Paul Biswell, Piedmont, Calif.; Sophie Blackmon, Altus, Okla.; Blanche Blasdell, Redondo, Calif.; Mabel Bridges, Jackson, Miss.; Anna Goff Broach, Tulsa, Okla.; Esther Brown, Auburndale, Mass.; Rosalee M. Browning, Watongo, Okla.; Peggie Bryan, Tullos, La.; Rolland C. Buckley, Arlington, Va.; Floyd C. Buell, Dexter, N. Y.; Helen Bullock, Dallas, Tex.; Dr. Edward Bumgardner, Lawrence, Kansas; Emily L. Burrall, Philadelphia, Pa.; Will Buss, Minneapolis, Minn.; Lois Caley, Miami, Fla.; Carl R. Canterbury, Moline, Ill.; Mrs. L. H. Carder, Elwood, Ind.; Mrs. C. E. Case, Estherville, Ia.; Mrs. R. B. Cates, Atlanta, Ga.; Donald L. Chamberlain, Ocean Springs, Miss.; Fred Chitester, Aliquippa, Pa.; Mrs. W. R. Coddington, Sea Island, Ga.; Jessie F. Cogswell, South Pasadena, Calif.; Mrs. Henry J. Cohen, Washington, D. C.; Samuel Cohen, Philadelphia, Pa.; Alfarata E. Cole, Weatherford, Okla.; Mrs. A. H. Conklin, Houston, Tex.; Louise Conn, New Orleans, La.; Edmund Cooke, Englewood, Calif.; Rose Cooperman, Philadelphia, Pa.; Lucile Coyner, Bonanza, Ore.; George A. Crawford, Centre Hall, Pa.; Mrs. Russell Crosby, Ashland, Pa.; Mrs. George Cross, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Helen Despree, Island Park, N. Y.; Burton M. Dodd, Artesian, S. Dak.; Mrs. C. P. Donahue, New York, N. Y.; Wallace H. Emmons, Lowell, Mich.; Clara Farmsworth, Salt Lake City, Utah; Mary C. Faulkner, Port Chester, N. Y.; John Flaherty, Danville, Ill.; Thomas E. Flowers, Oakland, Calif.; Albert J. Flynn, Scranton, Pa.; Abe Frankel, Philadelphia, Pa.; Catherine Gadmer, New Orleans, La.; Charles Gilbert, Elmira, N. Y.; Esther O. Gilbert, Mansfield, Pa.; Samuel Goldstein, Philadelphia, Pa.; Stanley Grashaw, Warwick, N. Y.; Mary R. Gray, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Kathryn Graybill, East Petersburg, Pa.; Anthony A. Green, Fort Worth, Tex.; Mrs. G. B. Green, Coffeyville, Kan.; Mary A. Gue, Council Bluffs, Ia.; Bertha Guenther, Tahlequah, Okla.; C. L. Haeuser, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. A. E. Halverson, Minneapolis, Minn.; Avis G. Hamilton, Willow Hill, Ill.; Betsey Hampton, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. K. A. Hannah, Royal Oak, Mich.; Dorothy Heiderstadt, Bethlehem, Pa.; Mrs. H. P. Helmick, Fairmont, W. Va.; Ellen Corine Henline, Seattle, Wash.; Hilda T. Hill, Los Angeles, Calif.; Dr. Samuel B. Hirsch, La Salle, Ill.; Mrs. Paul Hodshire, New Castle, Ind.; Stella G. Holgate, Alhambra, Calif.; Benjamin Homer, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Louis Hormann, Welcome, Minn.; Joseph Horten, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Marvin A. Jackson, Fort Hayes, Ohio; Mair E. Jarvis, Schenectady, N. Y.

(Continued in an early issue)

"Imagine! My husband's ex-sweetheart asking *me* for advice!"

A young wife discusses modern baby care

1. Janie used to be my husband's schoolgirl sweetheart. But we've become very friendly now that she's married, and we see her and her husband quite often. She hasn't given out the news yet, but lately, she's been asking a lot of questions about baby care . . .

2. Last Saturday afternoon, Janie dropped in when I'd just bought a specially designed "baby-walker." I saw her brow wrinkle. She asked me if that wasn't *pampering* the child. It seemed to her that *everything* our baby had was special—even a special laxative!

3. "Come, come, Janie," I said reprovingly. "Would it be 'pampering' to feed a baby special foods?" Janie shook her head. "Exactly!" I said. "And—like foods—most other baby needs ought to be special, too. Child authorities agree on that!"

4. "Look—you spoke of our baby's laxative. *I* didn't pick that. It's Fletcher's Castoria, chosen by our doctor, *because it is made especially for children.* It's mild and safe. Our doctor said an adult laxative might be too strong for a baby's delicate system."

5. "But in Fletcher's Castoria, there isn't a single harsh drug. And it works mostly in the lower bowel, leaving the small stomach up above undisturbed. Castoria doesn't gripe and it isn't likely to form a habit. What's more—children love it. Watch this—"

6. When the little one actually held out her hands and cooed over the good taste of Fletcher's Castoria—Janie smiled. "Well," said she, "that certainly teaches *me* a lesson. Believe me—I'll remember about special care for babies and *special* Fletcher's Castoria!"

The Large Bottle for Me! Our drug store has both the Regular Size and the large Family Size. I save money by buying the larger size.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The SAFE laxative made especially for children.

LIBERTY'S ALL-PLAYERS ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

The gridiron greats of 1941, chosen by vote of the 1,730 leading candidates themselves

BY NORMAN L. SPER

FIRST TEAM

End	Rast	Alabama
Tackle	Wildung	Minnesota
Guard	Peabody	Harvard
Center	Banonis	Detroit
Guard	Crimmins	Notre Dame
Tackle	Blandin	Tulane
End	Lansing	Fordham
Quarter	Dudley	Virginia
Half	Sinkwich	Georgia
Half	Lach	Duke
Full	Westfall	Michigan

SECOND TEAM

End	Kutner	Texas
Tackle	Bauman	Northw'n
Guard	Levy	Minnesota
Center	Jenkins	Missouri
Guard	Frankowski	Washington
Tackle	Greene	Tulsa
End	Schreiner	Wisconsin
Quarter	Albert	Stanford
Half	Smith	Minnesota
Half	Moser	Texas A.&M.
Full	Layden	Texas

THIRD TEAM

End	Webb	Georgia T.
Tackle	Karmazin	Duke
Guard	Daniel	Texas
Center	Gude	Vanderbilt
Guard	Zeno	Holy Cross
Tackle	Reinhard, R.	California
End	Bartholemy	Yale
Quarter	Robertson	South'n Cal.
Half	Blumenstock	Fordham
Half	Kmetovic	Stanford
Full	Jenkins	Vanderbilt

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

☆ LIBERTY'S player-judges, 1,730 strong, participants in 903 football games throughout the nation, have rushed their votes by air mail and special delivery to New York, and the final tabulations for the All-Players All-America reveal even more upsets than the playing season showed. All told, there were 971

WESTFALL, Michigan—FULLBACK

LACH, Duke—HALFBACK

LANSING, Fordham—END

BLANDIN, Tulane—TACKLE

CRIMMINS, Notre Dame—GUARD

BANONIS, Detroit—CENTER

players nominated by players—174 ends, 168 tackles, 187 guards, 90 centers, 88 quarterbacks, 169 halfbacks, and 95 fullbacks. The percentage of returns of ballots was encouragingly high. They came in from 89 per cent of the players who were eligible to vote. Georgia was so delighted with its victory over Dartmouth that its players tore up their ballots and used them for confetti. Otherwise the percentage of returns would have been even higher.

Senioritis has been making inroads into college football. If a player makes the All-America as a junior, or is so much as mentioned in this connection, he is almost sure to slip the next year. Three All-Americas of 1940 have failed to repeat in 1941. The senioritis bug may not have attacked them, but anyway down they went—Frank Albert of Stanford, Ray Frankowski of Washington, and Urban Odson of Minnesota. Albert and Frankowski made their sectional teams and the All-Players All-America second team, but Odson didn't. Another man who failed was McCollum of Tulane, who made the All-America in 1939. He didn't play in 1940 because of scholastic ineligibility.

More than 2,000 players from 110 of the best known colleges and universities in the country were canvassed in this poll. It is the 89 per cent, those who filled out their ballots and returned them, who have picked this team, for Liberty's All-Players All-America selections are made by players and made exclusively from among those whom they have played against. Under this unique method of selection, it would be impossible to keep a good man down. Each year, for ten years now, this method has brought to the fore one or more players of All-America caliber who would have been completely ignored under the old methods.

It is sometimes fascinating, as the vast poll begins to assemble, to watch a player pile up votes in his section and move on from there to the All-America dragnet and, step by step, to the top eleven. Having observed hundreds of these boys in a 15,000-mile trip to fifty colleges last spring, the writer was familiar with even the "unknowns"; but it was heartening to see rival players discover them.

The players worthy of a place on Liberty's All-Players' first team are men who were good *every* Saturday against all their opponents in both their sectional and intersectional games. The latter helped trace such players' progress upward. Conversely, a quarter horse starting out like a sure winner could be watched and checked as he slowed down to a walk before the season ended. While every one knows of the case of Billy DeCorrevont, most "experts" will be surprised to learn that Bruce Smith of Minnesota came a cropper too; that in the opinion of his fellow players throughout the country he wasn't quite up to All-America standards. Checking the reason for this surprise, it was discovered that Smith was injured early in the Northwestern game, didn't play much in the Iowa game, and didn't play at all in the Nebraska game. Moreover, he didn't start, although he did play, in the Wisconsin game because of injuries.

The Northwestern ballots named six halfbacks but passed Smith up completely. Hillenbrand, the Indiana sophomore, received fourteen of the votes tabulated; Juzwik, the Notre Dame senior, was given five; Kuzma, another sophomore from Michigan, got four; and Kinkade, the Ohio State right half, got one. Michigan, another of Minnesota's opponents, rated Governali of Columbia, Fisher of Ohio State, and Graham of Northwestern above Smith. The Illini players also rated three of their other opponent halfbacks above him.

On the brighter side, take a look at the somewhat dented profile of Frank Sinkwich of Georgia, who turned 1941 from a mediocre season into something out of Frank Merriwell. One anticlimax had followed another. It looked, as Thanksgiving neared, as if 1941 would produce no outstanding national football hero.

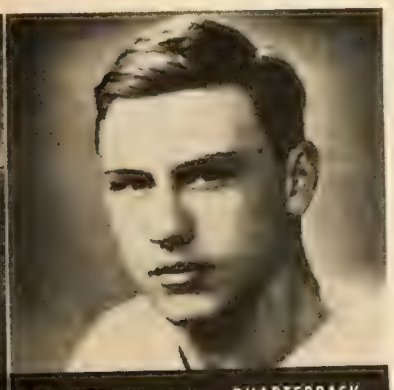
Then suddenly came Sinkwich like a tornado out of the South. He looked like a man from Mars. A victim of a broken jaw in the second game of the season, Sinkwich proved unsinkable. His face was hidden behind an iron mask. His jaw was wired not for sound but for silence. He couldn't talk. He couldn't chew. He had to be nourished with liquids. But he could run, pass, block, and tackle like the quintuple-threat men of old.

South Carolina, in the game with whom he had his jaw fractured, subsequently voted him the best back they had played against all season. Mississippi gave him fifteen of her sixteen votes. Even Columbia, whose winning streak he broke, voted him the best back they had met all year. This included Westfall of Michigan, who now plays in the same mythical All-Players All-America backfield with Sinkwich. Columbia named Stiff of Pennsylvania, Geyer of Colgate, Kuzma of Michigan, Peters of Princeton, Mazur of Army, Kimsey of Georgia, and Davis of Pennsylvania, as well as Sinkwich and Westfall. But Sinkwich was the only back receiving Columbia's complete approbation. Dartmouth, too, gave him its unanimous vote.

Sinkwich weighs 180 pounds and stands 5 feet 10. This Youngstown, Ohio, boy who became a Georgian scholastically is tremendously fast on the getaway, although not on a straightaway. He is hard to catch, once he passes the scrimmage line. As a passer, he has hit his mark almost as often as his flat feet have carried him into the "promised land." More than that, he is a leader and can spark a team to victories. Of the ninety-nine player-judges who opposed him, ninety-six went all out for him in their balloting. This gave him the highest voting percentage of the 971 players who were nominated.

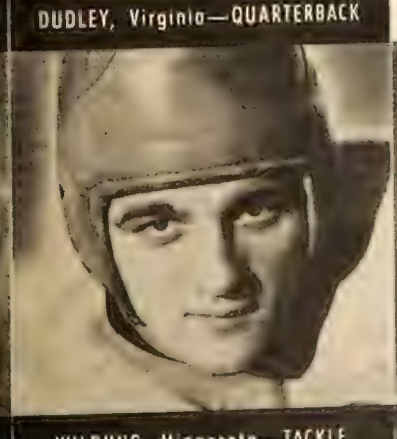
Another transplanted

SINKWICH, Georgia—HALFBACK



DUDLEY, Virginia—QUARTERBACK

PEABODY, Harvard—GUARD



WILDUNG, Minnesota—TACKLE

RAST, Alabama—END

Northerner is honored in the other halfback slot. He is Stephen Lach from Altoona, Pennsylvania, who scores touchdowns for Duke University, nine of them this season. He is 6 feet 2 and makes good use of his 190 pounds. In 1941 he threw two forward passes for a total of 79 yards. On the receiving end he caught twenty-two passes, three of them scoring touchdowns. In the kicking department he averaged 45.3 yards per try in fifty-one attempts. And he intercepted three of his opponents' passes.

All told, Lach received about 87 per cent of his opponents' ballots. Every man on the Georgia Tech team supported him. Of the nineteen Colgate votes received, seventeen were cast in his favor.

"The best spinner in football" is what a group of neutral coaches called Bob Westfall, Michigan's human pinwheel, the fullback on this year's All-Players team. Built like a granite block, he is the shortest player on the squad; his 190 pounds bring him only to the 5 feet 8 mark. Like Sinkwich, the Michigan captain has tremendous starting speed, is a past master at faking, and, when he does carry the mail, stops only at the big towns. In his three varsity seasons he has totaled 107 yards more than a mile. In his last varsity game, against Ohio State, he tallied 170 yards through line plays, only nine less than the entire Ohio State team made all afternoon.

Minnesota, Columbia, Michigan State, Northwestern, Illinois, and his other opponents all rated him the best fullback they had played against. The ballots of his Big Ten opponents were especially revealing, since most of the nation's best fullbacks were in the Midwest.

The fourth member of the All-Players backfield, William M. Dudley, is the youngest and lightest player on the team. He is a few ounces over 173 pounds, 5 feet 10, and only nineteen years old, the youngest football captain in Virginia's long history. This Bluefield bullet (Bluefield, Virginia, is his home town) streaked to a total of 973 yards in the 156 times he carried the ball. Besides, he completed 58 of 107 forward passes for a total of 863 yards. He was the most dangerous man in football on returning punts. All told, he made more yardage than any other back in big-time football. Besides, he was the tower of strength that made Virginia's defense work, and he was deadly when it came to blocking and tackling.

His opposition voted accordingly. In the final tally, he ranked second to Frank Sinkwich.

Now for the linemen. Holt Rast of Alabama, a native of the Cotton State, and James Lansing, a Pelham, New York-boy at Fordham, are the two ends. Rast is the lightest lineman on Liberty's mythical eleven. He packs his 182 pounds in a 6 feet 1 structure, and he is an almost perfect all-round end. Seldom, if ever, has he been fooled into the wrong defensive move. He is equally potent on offense, calling the signals from that position.

Jim Lansing, who is a junior at Fordham, will likely play his last game on New Year's Day, when the Rams are pitted against the University of Missouri Tigers in the Sugar Bowl in New Orleans. Lansing has enlisted in the Air Corps and is subject to immediate call. He stands an even 6 feet and weighs a few pounds more than Rast. In the Pittsburgh game a bone in his right hand was broken, yet he played the entire afternoon. The next Saturday Fordham did not play. This lay-off, aided by a splint, helped him carry on for sixty minutes against St. Mary's. In that game he held on to a fifty-yard touchdown pass from Filipowicz, the fullback.

Of the two ends, Rast received the higher percentage in the balloting. Lansing cut down the lead of Malcolm Kutner, Texas end, when the Texas Christian returns were counted. The Southern Methodist players rated Lansing and Kutner the two best ends they met all year. Schreiner of Wisconsin would have beaten both if Minnesota had given him the support the other Mid-west teams did.

The standout tackle was Richard Wildung, the Minnesota junior. His greatness is more appreciated when one realizes that he has reduced Urban Odson to a secondary position. He held down the left side of the Gopher line for the entire sixty minutes of most of the games.

The battle for the other tackle post was the hottest in ten years. There were many, many good if not great tackles. Bauman of Northwestern, Greene of Tulsa, Karmazin of Duke, and Reinhard of California just barely edged out the rest, and gave Ernest Blandin, the 245-pound 6-feet-3 mountain from Tulane, a warm race for first-team honors.

There were 187 guards nominated, but few stood the supreme test on all the Saturdays. The most surprising twist of the season was Frank Leahy's taking Bernard Crimmins, his only letter-man fullback at Notre Dame, and making him standout guard. Crimmins withstood the change so well that he ended the season as the choice of most of his opponents as the best guard they had played against. He is 5 feet 11, weighs 185 pounds, and comes from Louisville, Kentucky.

The other guard on this year's blue ribbon eleven is Endicott Peabody II, whose grandfather founded Groton, the preparatory school of Boston's Back Bay and a few patrician outlanders. Peabody himself, however, comes from Utica, New York. Even the dancing, prancing, spinning backs could not take the season's headlines away from him. Six feet tall, weighing 190 pounds, and twenty-one years old, he helped Harvard pick itself up.

The center on the 1941 All-Players All-America hails from the Wolverine State. He is Captain Vincent Banonis of Detroit, known as "Ice Tong" Banonis because of the clawlike manner in which he grips a football. In three years he has never been known to pass anything but a perfect flip, and in a day of roving centers he has stayed on the job. Gude of Vanderbilt and Jenkins of Missouri were good, but Banonis was great.

THE END

ALL-SECTIONAL TEAMS

SOUTH ATLANTIC

Blalock	Clemson	Ends
Ferguson	Florida	
Blozis	Georgetown	Tackles
Karmazin	Duke	
Givler	Wake Forest	Guards
Petroskie	Miami	
Sossamon	South Carolina	Center
Pritchard	V. M. I.	Backs
Dudley	Virginia	
Lach	Duke	
Timmons	Clemson	

ROCKY MOUNTAIN

Speedie	Utah
Mills	B. Y. U.
Bird	B. Y. U.
Spendlove	Utah
Lewis	B. Y. U.
Shannon	Colorado
Nilson	B. Y. U.
Dent	Colorado State
Spector	Utah
McClung	Colorado
Adelt, H.	Utah

SOUTHEAST

Webb	Georgia Tech	Ends
Rast	Alabama	
Arnold	Mississippi State	Tackles
Blandin	Tulane	
Wyhonic	Alabama	Guards
Tittle	Tulane	
Gude	Vanderbilt	Center
Hapes	Mississippi	Backs
Jenkins	Vanderbilt	
Black	Mississippi State	
Sinkwich	Georgia	

EAST

Lansing	Fordham
Bartholemy	Yale
Bouley	Boston College
Chewning	Navy
Peabody	Harvard
Zeno	Holy Cross
Demao	Duquesne
Stiff	Pennsylvania
Blumenstock	Fordham
Governali	Columbia
Geyer	Colgate

PACIFIC COAST

Beals	Santa Clara	Ends
Meyer	Stanford	
Reinhard, R.	California	Tackles
Conley	Washington	
Frankowski	Washington	Guards
Taylor	Stanford	
Greenough	Oregon State	Center
Sewell	Washington State	Backs
Robertson	U. of S. Calif.	
Kmetovic	Stanford	
Albert	Stanford	

MIDLANDS

Barnhart	Kansas State
Preston	Nebraska
Greene	Tulsa
Swink	Oklahoma A. & M.
Stuart	Tulsa
Harris	Oklahoma
Jenkins	Missouri
Jacobs	Oklahoma
Steuber	Missouri
Schwenk	Washington (Mo.)
Weber	St. Louis

MIDWEST

Schreiner	Wisconsin	Ends
Mohl	Northwestern	
Bauman	Northwestern	Tackles
Wildung	Minnesota	
Levy	Minnesota	Guards
Crimmins	Notre Dame	
Banonis	Detroit	Center
Smith	Minnesota	Backs
Westfall	Michigan	
Juzwik	Notre Dame	
Hillenbrand	Indiana	

SOUTHWEST

Russell	Baylor
Kutner	Texas
Ruby	Texas A. & M.
Palmer	T. C. U.
Goforth	Rice
Daniel	Texas
Sibley	Texas A. & M.
Johnston, P.	S. M. U.
Layden	Texas
Moser	Texas A. & M.
Wilson	Baylor

HONORABLE MENTION

ENDS: Berthold, Syracuse; Johnson, Cornell; Siegal, Columbia; Kelleher, Army; Kuczynski, Penn; McKinney, Harvard; McLeod, Louisiana State; Poshner, Georgia; Hornick, Tulane; Patterson, R., Mississippi State; Hust, A., Tennessee; Balitsaris, Tennessee; Eubanks, Mississippi; Pillow, Louisiana State; Cline, Wake Forest; Preston, Virginia; Pavich, Georgetown; Fitch, Minnesota; Dove, Notre Dame; Kovach, Notre Dame; Friedlund, Michigan State; Lyons, Wisconsin; Ekern, Missouri; Ulrich, Kansas; Sharpe, Oklahoma; Tillory, Texas Tech; Roach, Texas Christian; Alford, Texas Christian; Goss, Southern Methodist; Sterling, Texas A. & M.; Adams, Arkansas; Henderson, Texas A. & M.; Hogan, Denver; Hendrickson, Colorado; Woodward, Colorado Mines; Stinnett, Colorado State; Stanton, Arizona; Susoeff, Washington State; Younglove, Washington; Gentry, Washington State; Rasusky, St. Mary's.

TACKLES: Matisi, Duquesne; Flattman, Navy; Fidler, Brown; Konizewski, George Washington; Guenther, Colgate; Moeling, Penn; Schoonover, Penn State; Steen, Villanova; Miller, Harvard; Maak, Columbia; McDonough, Duke; Green, Georgia; Harris, West Virginia; Hazel, W., Mississippi; Edmiston, Tennessee; Whitmire, Alabama; Fritts, Clemson; Dufour, Tulane; Sanders, Georgia Tech; Hull, Florida; Blozis, Georgetown; Daniel, Ohio State; Wistert, Michigan; Odson, Minnesota; Brutz, Notre Dame; Lillis, Notre Dame; Walker, Iowa; Teeter, Oklahoma; Schleich, Nebraska; Wallach, Missouri; Herndon, Nebraska; Barnett, Baylor; Cohenour, Florida; Booth, Southern Methodist; Adams, Texas Christian; Oliver, Colorado; Carlson, Denver; Chamberlain, Brigham Young; Spicer, Wyoming; Irish, Arizona; Willer, Southern California; Miklas, Loyola (La.); Banducci, Stanford; Stamm, Stanford.

GUARDS: Corbo, Duquesne; Wolff, Cornell; Darone, Boston College; Canale, Boston College; Fife, Pittsburgh; Brechka, Penn; Murphy, Army; Marrone, Manhattan; Pfister, Harvard; Scott, Colgate; Atkinson, Vanderbilt; Ruark, Georgia; Kapriva, Wake Forest; Hecht, Alabama; Krivonak, Jordan, W., Georgia Tech; Ardillo, Auburn; Hazel, H., Mississippi; Britt, Mississippi; Ramsey, William & Mary; Rupp, Michigan State; Zorich, Northwestern; McLoughlin, Detroit; Howard, Ohio State; Burke, Northwestern; White, G., Indiana; Pawloski, Illinois; Shadid, Oklahoma; Huff, Kansas State; Lewis, Iowa State; Liles, Oklahoma A. & M.; Jeffries, Missouri; Crawford, Texas Christian; Baillio, Texas Tech; Self, Baylor; Johnson, Southern Methodist; Jungmichael, Texas; Sorenson, Utah State; Hansen, Utah; Lokanc, Wyoming; Dixon, Brigham Young; LaPrade, Stanford; Cox, Stu, California; Thornton, Santa Clara; Segale, Oregon; Ward, Washington State; DeFrancisco, U. C. L. A.

CENTERS: Moseley, Yale; Smith, Gettysburg; Korisky, Villanova; Naumetz, Boston College; Beehner, Syracuse; Sossamon, South Carolina; Wright, Georgia Tech; Graves, Tennessee; Lipkis, Louisiana State; Barnett, Duke; Williams, Auburn; Suntheimer, North Carolina; Damnonavich, Alabama; Arena, Michigan State; Thornally, Wisconsin; Ingalls, Michigan; Ziemba, Notre Dame; Diehl, Iowa; Flick, Minnesota; Johnson, Purdue; Hancock, Kansas State; Dondelinger, Creighton; Cato, Arkansas; Clarkson, Texas A. & I.; Gatewood, Baylor; Davis, Utah; Maughan, Utah State; Murray, Denver; Harrison, Washington; Wilson, Oregon; Lindskog, Stanford.

QUARTERBACKS: Taylor, Yale; Weaver, Penn State; Krol, Dartmouth; McDonald, Tulane; Peel, Tennessee; Manieri, Wake Forest; Cheatam, Auburn; Dunkle, North Carolina; Farris, Wisconsin; Garnaas, Minnesota; Coupee, Iowa; Ice, Missouri; Weber, St. Louis; Bagley, Texas Christian; Gillespie, Texas Christian; Chipman, Brigham Young.

HALFBACKS: Tomasic, Temple; Petrella, Penn State; Krouse, Penn State; Jones, Pittsburgh; Andreico, Fordham; Finkowski, Manhattan; Szmakowski, Lehigh; Gonda, Duquesne; Maznicki, Boston College; Busik, Navy; Mazur, Army; Buffalino, Cornell; Peters, Princeton; Stasica, South Carolina; Dodd, Georgia Tech; Payne, Clemson; Hunt, Marshall; Gafford, Auburn; Hovious, Mississippi; Black, Mississippi State; Glass, Tulane; Cifers, Tennessee; Kuzma, Michigan; Fisher, Ohio State; Mertes, Iowa; McCahill, Marquette; Graham, Northwestern; Griffin, Illinois; Bertelli, Notre Dame; Dobbs, Tulsa; Wade, Missouri; Matthews, Oklahoma; Miller, Kansas; Zeleznak, Kansas State; Wilson, Baylor; Kittrell, Baylor; Adelt, G., Utah; Lockard, Colorado; Ray, Wyoming.

FULLBACKS: Martin, Cornell; Williams, Boston College; Fedora, George Washington; Smaltz, Penn State; Grigas, Holy Cross; Filipowicz, Fordham; McNichol, Harvard; Francis, Nebraska; Wilkins, Kansas State; Darling, Iowa State; Reece, Missouri; Roskie, South Carolina; Johnson, William & Mary; Polanski, Wake Forest; Plasman, Miami; Thibaut, Tulane; Muha, V. M. I.; Siegfried, Duke; Graf, Ohio State; Harder, Wisconsin; Green, Iowa; Evans, Notre Dame; Daley, Minnesota; Richardson, Marquette; Brumley, Rice; Crain, M., Baylor; Gardner, Brigham Young; Jenkins, Colorado; Stackpool, Washington; Motley, Nevada.

Answers to Ted Shane's 40 Questions on Page 26

1—Gypsy Rose Lee wrote The G-String Murders.

2—Rudolf Hess.

3—131,000,000.

4—He took a shot at Laval, wounded him critically.

5—(*a*) Hours gas stations on Eastern Seaboard stayed closed during the Ickes gas shortage. (*b*) New high-jump record set by Les Steers of Oregon. (*c*) Number of consecutive games Joe DiMaggio hit safely in (as if you didn't know).

6—Ignace Paderewski, who was Premier of Poland for one year.

7—Billy Conn. Lou Nova. Both uttered after collisions with Joe Louis.

8—None. It wasn't awarded.

9—(*a*) Harry Hopkins, so named by Cockneys for his fast Clipper service between Washington, London, and Moscow. (*b*) Winston Churchill. (*c*) Gertrude Lawrence, star of the play of the same name.

10—One of the horses that finally beat Whirlaway, winner of the Derby, Preakness, Belmont. Others were Attention and War Relic.

11—William L. Shirer's Berlin Diary, 1941 nonfiction best seller.

12—(*a*) Mickey Owen, Brooklyn catcher who missed the great curve tossed by Hugh Casey, on which Tommy Henrich of the Yankees technically struck out. (*b*) Full of Brooklyns, one of announcer Red Barber's little verbal radio didos.

13—(*a*) Backfield star of the Army football team. (*b*) Eleven-year-old lad who gained prominence conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra. (*c*) Head of the German Army of Occupation in France (and hardly a comedian!). (*d*) The cruiser that accompanied the Bismarck on its last voyage and brought the news of its sinking to Hitler. (*e*) Winner of the Hambletonian Stakes, harness racing's blue-ribbon classic.

14—Max Schmeling's, supposedly lost in Crete. Lou Gehrig's.

15—P. G. Wodehouse, broadcasting from Berlin; and he was not funny, either!

16—The quintuplets, whose parents, the Dionnes, finally got parent privileges and right to spank over them from the Ontario government, former legal guardians.

17—Supposedly from the Swedish, it was really double talk from the Hut-Sut Song. (It might be translated: "Tin Pan Alley is nuts!")

18—Japan invaded Indo-China, we broke off commercial relations, and a shortage of silk stockings suddenly loomed!

19—None of these. It was a small Egyptian steamer sunk in mid-Atlantic for "attacking" a submarine.

20—The music war between the big radio chains and ASCAP. A parrot, banned from the air for whistling an ASCAP tune.

21—Deanna Durbin. Judy Garland. Brenda Frazier. Mary Louise Smith. Evalyn Washington McLean. Merle Oberon. Rosalind Russell.

22—Alsab; and a good bet in the Kentucky Derby for '42.

23—A huge bomber, donated by Mrs. Macroberts, a Scotch mother, all of whose sons have been lost in this war.

24—Paul McNutt. Peter Arno. 'Dolph Menjou. Anthony Eden.

25—(*a*) Bobby Feller. No. (He won only twenty-five.) (*b*) Craig Wood. (*c*) Robert L. Riggs and Mrs. Sarah Palfrey Fabyan Cooke.

26—Legless British No. 1 flyer, finally forced down and captured by Nazis.

27—John Nance Garner, Vice-President. Succeeded by Henry Wallace.

28—It was the number of the Lend-Lease Bill, introduced in the House.

29—Tokyo.

30—Jimmy Stewart (twenty-one dollars a month for $6,000). Hank Greenberg ($252 a year for $55,000). Henry Ford II. Greg Rice, two-mile (and up) champ.

31—ALCOA. OPM. Litvinov. Shah.

32—Sammy. John. Eve (not Vanishes). Hamilton. Eileen. Bishop.

33—Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Teddy Roosevelt.

34—Gargantua wooed and wed the Lady Gorilla (Hair-in-Her-Eyes) Toto of Cuba. No blessed event yet reported. Several of the Ringling lead elephants were poisoned mysteriously.

35—When Russia was attacked, and the BBC refused to play the Soviet Internationale along with the anthems of the rest of England's allies, this popular song was suggested as a substitute by wags.

36—He died broke, left nothing (even as you and I, in all probability!).

37—That of the Mad Murderous Espositos (Anthony and William), who committed two foul killings in New York City in January.

38—Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

39—Senator James F. Byrnes; Robert Jackson. Justice Harlan F. Stone was made Chief Justice.

40—Hedy Lamarr.

PEACE IS WHERE THE HEART IS

A mother of three can have a fling with romance—and still be glad to get home!

BY WINIFRED HALSTED

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

☆ UNDER Patsy's small violent fingers the Dance of the Elves became an agony of elephants. She saw the hard part coming and the tip of her pink tongue shot out tensely. Mr. Jiggs, who had been put in his outgrown play pen for temporary safekeeping, watched his sister through the bars in sullen outrage. An avalanche of clatter tumbled down the stairs.

"Come on, men!" yelled Patsy's seven-year-old brother Andy. "They're in a trap! We got 'em! Put up your hands!"

"Stick 'em up! Stick 'em up!" shouted Phil Rogers from next door, and wedged himself in between Patsy and the keyboard.

Her arms flailing, Patsy turned on the mounties after criminals, the Lone Ranger and Tom Mix. Sally Hunter heard it in the kitchen, where she was trying to speak tactfully but forcefully to Ardella on the subject of water-soaked vegetables and lumpy gravy. She rushed in in time to see Patsy and the piano bench overturn. The floor lamp quivered. Sally Hunter shut her eyes. Jiggs stood up and banged on the play pen with a wooden engine. Patsy gave a wail of wrath and pain.

"Philip Rogers," said Sally, "you put on your things and go home."

"My mother said I could stay until five o'clock, Mrs. Hunter. It's only ten of."

"Well, you can't. Go on. March! Patsy, get up! You aren't hurt."

"Yes I am too," said Patsy, and lunged out toward her brother with one leg.

Jiggs emitted a sudden surprised howl. His mother turned around, picked him up, and found that in his excitement the worst had happened.

"*Jiggs*," she said in an awful voice, "a big boy like you! Ardella! Ar-*dell*-a!"

The swinging door moved and Ardella, her face a strange gray-brown, appeared and held out one finger over the soft green dining-room rug. A large drop of blood hesitated, fell.

"I was cuttin' at the turnip," she said in a disembodied voice. "Just cuttin' at that turnip . . ."

Half an hour later Sally Hunter stood in the little downstairs lavatory staring at the soap dish.

"I've got to get away," she told the soap intensely. "I have *got* to get away."

When Jeff Hunter breezed in around six thirty, bringing with him a wave of fresh cold air, trailing clouds of good cheer and doings of the day, he found a warm, light, quiet house.

"Oh, *Sal*-ly!" he called.

"Hello," said his wife in a refined, well modulated voice.

"Where's everybody? Hey, kids!"

"Shush," said Sally. "Jiggs is in bed. Patsy and Andy are having supper."

"Anything wrong?"

Jeff came in and examined his wife, who sat in a circle of lamplight in a Mother's Day card pose.

"Why, honeychild," he said in a caressing, highly artificial trans-Mason-and-Dixon tone, "you look like the last button on Job's old coat!"

The accent was a sign that Jeff was either hilarious or had super-good news. Usually Sally matched the mood by stuffing a little South in her own mouth and responding in kind, but tonight she couldn't make it. Jeff

"I think you must be making some *most* unfortunate mistake," interrupted Sally.

rubbed a cold cheek against hers. It wasn't Yale Club hilarity. . . .

"We got it!" he said. "Honeychild, the contract's signed! Go right out and buy you'se'f a hat. Buy two!"

"Oh, Jeff! Jeff, that's *won*derful! But, Jeff—there's something I'd rather have than *five* hats. . . ."

☆ DURING the first part of the three-hour trip to New York Sally was hagridden by Jeff's eyes. The way he had looked at her through the window as the train pulled out of the station, and the expression they had held when she'd blurted out that she'd rather be treated to a few days with Gail Tyler in New York than a storeful of new hats.

"Well," Jeff had said slowly, all too plainly being generous about a disappointment, "I'd been sort of thinking a change would be a good idea, but I sort of planned we'd sneak off together some week-end later and let 'er rip. But you go to it, Sally. You've got it coming to you. Remember Gail's velocity, though—it's gale velocity! Don't you go trying to keep up and undo all the good a change will do you!"

"Velocity!"

Sally had fumed inwardly. With uncharacteristic irritation born of corrosive fatigue, she said she guessed if she could stand the velocity of three children, and a house, and budgets, and incompetent help, she could stand Gail's pace all right.

She felt uncomfortable about it, though, once she was on the train and on her way. After all, Jeff worked hard, and then she went off and had fun on his money. She pulled herself out of that, only to fall foul of worry about the children. That was silly, since, when the efficient Miss Stebbins, antiseptic and starchy, moved in to take charge during emergencies and absences, she hypnotized children into doing things their own mothers, handicapped by love, couldn't make them do.

☆ THE doorman was all gold braid and cordiality. Gail's note, enclosing a key, was uproariously hospitable. She wept (see blot) tears of rage and disappointment at not being on hand to welcome Sally in person, but some rich female werewolves had worked up a benefit fashion show exactly at the wrong time just to spite her.

Gail's apartment, unmenaced by small black fingerprints or sideswipes of crayon, dared to be all pale sea green, palest peach, and ivory. Standing ankle-deep in carpet and looking appreciatively around, Sally found she didn't mind the solitariness of her welcome. All was peace and elegance. She felt herself untense. No sudden scream or fatal crash to brace herself against.

Sally began to wonder about clothes. She was bound to look rural, next to Gail. The telephone rang.

"Darling," said Gail from somewhere surrounded by wealth and fashion, "darling! Are you really

there? I'm so *mad* at these old biddies! But I ought to be home in an hour or so, and we're going out tonight, so why don't you put your feet up for a while and— Oh! You'll find some new hats around somewhere—graft. Try 'em on, and see if you could use one. See you soon—'by!"

Sally shook her head. It seemed such a far piece from Weldon, Ohio, and Ethel Tyler. From strawberry festivals in summer and coasting and cocoa in winter. From piano duets by Sally Foster and Ethel Gail Tyler in new dotted swiss dresses. Even then, Ethel had had a lot of style. And what had been true of Ethel was even more strikingly true of Gail (without the Ethel), who wrote a chitchat fashion column and drew funny, sharp little drawings that suggested rather than represented.

Sally found the hats. She experimented with one that consisted of a few anemones before and a little wisp of veil behind. It made her look so unlike the mother of three that she was startled.

☆ THE telephone rang again. Sally looked at it uncertainly, then lifted it to her ear.

"Miss Tyler?"

"This is Miss Tyler's apartment," said Sally, "but Miss Tyler's—"

"Out? Of course. Of course. I'll be right up," the woman's voice on the other end of the wire promised. "I'll say you're expecting me, Miss Tyler!"

"But—" began Sally.

She realized she was talking to nothingness and put the telephone down slowly. Before she had decided whether or not it had been a mistake to answer it at all, a doorbell rang. The service door, Sally discovered by elimination after first rushing apprehensively to the other one. It was a man with laundry and a well developed bill. He also delivered a message for Gail of no more clean clothes until she paid up, or at least paid something. Budget-disciplined Sally was scandalized, then puzzled.

A bell rang again. Anemones bobbing above her wrinkled forehead, Sally skidded around to the tiny foyer.

A woman stepped in. Her expression was angry.

"Miss Tyler," she said, "I make no apologies."

"But Miss Tyler's not—"

"In? Why *would* Miss Tyler be in? Naturally, Pell has warned her. Warned her that I intended to call, in person, and demand—demand—"

"I think you must be making some *most* unfortunate mistake," interrupted Sally, dropping her voice a tone to the quiet level that often worked like cold water on the children's tantrums.

"I? Oh, no, Miss Tyler! *You* are making the unfortunate mistake of thinking that any other woman's husband is fair game for *you*."

Sally began to have an uncomfortable sensation of reading a highly personal letter addressed to some one else. She looked doubtfully at her caller. Tepid blue eyes and sad lightish hair; clips and fur scattered all over her in all the wrong places.

Sally decided she didn't intend to know any more about whatever was going on.

"If you'll permit me," she said, "I'd like to introduce myself. In the first place, I have a husband of my own and *three* children."

She clasped her left hand over her right, and her wedding ring conspicuously upheld her virtuous assertions.

☆ "I AM Mrs. Jeffrey Hunter. I'm Miss Tyler's guest. I haven't the remotest idea what *your* name may be, let alone ever having heard of your husband."

"Oh!" said the other woman. She had a mean little mouth, but it collapsed softly into defeat. Her whole face collapsed. She said, "Oh," again, and turned and left.

Sally felt almost sorry for her, except that she had so maliciously accused Gail . . .

Five minutes later she was in the bathtub, her favorite refuge when troubled in mind.

Buzz-buzza-*buzz*-buzz went the doorbell and in blew Gail. Sally, now partly dressed, returned a violent embrace, and they both talked busily and simultaneously for several minutes, filling in the gap of many months with astonishing success.

"I rushed," said Gail, when they were roughly up to date. "I hated missing even an hour. Did anybody phone or anything?"

"Well, the laundryman came; he left a bill."

Gail sighed and pressed fingers to temples.

"Bills," she said hollowly. "I'm getting so I count them like sheep before I go to sleep."

"But, Gail, with that trust fund and what you make—"

"That trust fund! It just about pays my rent, and maybe my telephone bill in good months. Honestly, Sally, the money it takes just for upkeep! *How* can I manage the necessities too? But I can't go around writing about fashions and looking like something from a rummage sale, can I?"

"Well, no; I suppose you can't. Somebody did telephone, Gail, and then she came. She insisted I was you. I couldn't stop her, and she went on about you and a husband named Pell—"

"*What!*"

Gail looked so insulted that Sally was afraid she had a guilty conscience.

"Do you actually mean to say that dreadful woman actually forced her way into *my* apartment? I have never heard—and while *you* were here! Well, you mustn't give it another thought, darling—only I'm so sorry it happened. It's simply what I get for having a kind heart. Oh, Sally, you don't know how lucky you are to have Jeff and all those lovely children and family life and everything, and no problems—"

"Mine wouldn't seem very exciting to you," said Sally tactfully, "not compared to the interesting ones you have. And then, you have your career—"

"Is that what it is?" inquired Gail fretfully. "Sometimes I think it's ulcers. Martin says— Oh!"

Gail gave such a shriek that Sally was alarmed and asked her anxiously if something hurt.

"Oh, darling, all this time we've been talking and I never told you about Martin! Oh, Sally, he is *perfect*. He is *the* most satisfying, the most interesting, the most— I'm so in love with him I can't see. Isn't that wonderful, Sally? Aren't you glad?"

The rather tentative expression in Sally's eyes geared up Gail to new emphasis.

"You don't understand. I mean I'm so in love with him I want to *marry* him!"

This was such a new and different angle that Sally began to ejaculate more suitably, and the dazzling tale of Martin Cunningham ran on and on.

"You mean he teaches economics and things?" she asked doubtfully, much later. "Are you sure you'd like living in a college town and going to faculty teas and . . . things?"

"He's not *that* kind of a professor, Sally! He goes to Washington and Brazil and—all of that. Oh, look at the time! Come on; we've got to finish dressing."

"The thing about Martin," continued Gail later, operating on Sally's simple dinner dress, purchased with an eye to a two-season life—"the thing about Martin— Darling, you'd better wear my little fur jacket. Brown will snap this up a bit."

Sally craned her neck to see the result of Gail's handiwork. She found that her neckline had plunged so fashionably far down she knew she'd worry about it all evening.

"What?" she said absently.

"I said the thing about Martin is that he's *distinguished*. Sometimes strangers think he's rather impassive, but nobody ever doubts for a minute that there's something there. . . . You look just like Byron, only more provocative. There. . . . He's fun when you know him, though," Gail went right back to the main thread. "Hurry up, angel; he's awfully punctual. I'm trying to reform. It's not so much that he's conservative as that he's *correct*, if you know what I mean."

"No," said Sally— "I mean yes."

"For instance, I feel like jelly in my chest when I think that Van Arkel woman might have walked in on me when Martin was here! The whole business is maddening. All I did was sympathize with Pell Van Arkel! That forlorn look in the eye he has drags it out of you. . . . What? Oh, one of those child marriages, Sally, one of those awful situations. And she *will* not divorce him. There's the bell! Sally, *please* like Martin!"

☆ SALLY sat, bathed in music and watching the beautiful shifting lines and colors of the ballet.

"Ugh," said Jim Scott, who sat beside her, "I'll have to close my eyes.

Be a darling and tell me when it's over. If I look I shan't feel well."

"What?" said Sally dreamily, turning toward him.

"My pet, I don't know yet where you came from or why, but you have a lovely face. I'll look at that. Your eyes are really very good; quite nice, the way they're set. I don't know why I can never remember to refuse Gail's cocktails. They poison me. How do you feel?"

"I'm floating," said Sally blissfully.

"They got you too, then. You wait —you'll want to die in the morning, and—"

"S-sh," said Sally, bothered by the indignant stirrings around them. But she smiled, because he had such an ugly, attractive, bad-tempered face,

THE AUTHOR

and because it excited her to remember Gail's elliptical explanation that he did something in the theater and the most *interesting* things with lights.

"Sheep," Jim Scott disposed of the surrounding stir of protest. "Pay no attention. Listen, dear. What do you think of this Cunningham? Wasn't he regal at dinner? Personally, I doubt whether it's possible to be as regal as that and digest at the same time."

"You're catty," said Sally, and added repressively that she thought Martin Cunningham was extremely distinguished.

"Distinguished! You mean stuffed."

"What I think is the matter with you is that your nose is out of joint!"

Jim Scott snorted, the lights went up, and Sally saw that he was rocking with laughter.

"What's so funny?" she asked suspiciously.

"What you said about my nose! My dear child, *I* never had any idea of tidying up Gail Tyler's affairs. Besides, do you realize what I'd be if I married? I'd be an American husband! Not even love could drive me to that! I tell you, I'll fight before I'll—"

"There, there, nobody's going to marry you," said Sally soothingly, and long practice in reassuring her young, afraid in the dark, lent comforting conviction to her voice. It changed suddenly: "Oh, *who* is that unhappy-looking man?"

She had spotted a handsome sad man coming down the aisle with a searching look in his somber blue eyes. Jim Scott and Gail had spoken to or of every one in sight at dinner, so she took it for granted they'd know every one in the present audience too.

"Saddest story ever told," said Jim Scott with great lack of sympathy. "He'll tell you; he always does. Hi, Pell!"

"Wait!" said Sally urgently. "Is his name Van something? No, no; don't call him!"

"Don't be shy, dear. Hi, Van Arkel, unbend! Come speak to the masses. Terrible production, isn't it?"

"You never like any productions but your own," said Pell Van Arkel, with a smile that didn't reach his eyes. "How are you otherwise?"

"Gail Tyler's poisoned me again

Winifred Halsted held several jobs after graduating from New Jersey College, and then discovered she was fed up with office routine. Optimistic friends encouraged her to try writing and, although the going was hard at first, she stuck to it. After she had sold several short stories she decided to become a full-time author. She has written three novels, Marriage Is So Final, Jam for Breakfast, and It's Not That Easy. This is her first appearance in Liberty.

with those drinks she serves, but I've got something nice here that almost makes me forget it. This is Pell Van Arkel, dear. Pell, this is Sally. Isn't she a darling?"

Pell Van Arkel murmured politely but absently and looked intently along the row.

"Gail," he called, "I've been looking all over for you!"

Sally saw Gail's apprehension as she glanced from Pell Van Arkel to the ominously correct Martin Cunningham.

"My dear, I don't know how to apologize for what happened this afternoon. If I'd had any idea she was in earnest—but I've heard it so often—"

"Don't mention it," begged Gail sincerely. "Please!"

"But it's so dreadful for you to have had, for me to have been responsible—" began Pell, while Jim Scott looked brightly interested and Martin Cunningham looked as though he were afraid he smelled a scene.

With the old instinctive co-operation that had worked between them so well when she and Gail were mowing down the high-school boys in Ohio, Sally looked straight up into Pell Van Arkel's haunted blue eyes and said in a firm, sweet voice, "Mr. Van Arkel!"

Gail inhaled deeply and said something to Martin Cunningham that diverted his attention from Van Arkel.

"Gail's so troubled on account of me," said Sally softly. "But she needn't be, and you mustn't be, either. Please don't worry about this afternoon. You see, it was I instead of Gail, and so it doesn't matter—"

"Was it *you* Effie saw? She was so hysterical I—"

"Yes," interrupted Sally, because his voice was rising and Martin Cunningham's ears were again beginning, figuratively, to flap. "But I *quite* understand. Don't—"

"But I must! You must let me talk to you. I've got to make some kind of amends, or at least explain. Perhaps later this evening?"

Sally said hastily she thought they were going on somewhere and please not to bother, but Pell Van Arkel's distress was invincible. In desperation she finally agreed to lunch with him the next day, and thankfully saw him disappear just before the lights were lowered.

"Listen," said Jim Scott. "I think you need a chaperon. What are you practicing for, understudying Gail as corespondent? You don't want to get mixed up in this. That woman's going to commit suicide some day, and leave notes that name names!"

"Oh, s-sh," said Sally dispiritedly.

"Shush yourself. I'll buy you a drink tomorrow afternoon, if you'll break that date for lunch. I guess I'd better anyway, to check up. You need to be taken care of!"

"So does Gail!" said Sally defiantly, thinking of the bills, the Van Arkels, and other complexities she just hadn't happened to meet.

Cunningham gave them a look that would have silenced an international conference, and they subsided.

☆ IT was a little after midnight when it all started over again, and Jeff Hunter, alone in the living room with only a bottle of beer to cheer him, sighed despondently.

"I *itch*," roared Andy furiously, "and I *will* scratch! I'll scratch until my mother comes, I'll—"

"Andy Hunter, will you keep still and go to *sleep?*" came his sister Patsy's voice. "Do you have to keep *everybody* awake just because you've got—"

"*You* haven't got—"

A thin wail from Jiggs, and then a purposeful rustle that was Miss Stebbins, added their contrapuntal parts to the unhappy fugue.

Jeff sighed at the speed with which things could go wrong. Andy could go off to school all right in the morning and come home in the afternoon with a rash. Damned bad luck for Sally, but he had no choice. She was the only one who could quiet Andy. He went reluctantly to the telephone.

"Long distance, please," he said sadly to the operator.

The telephone rang fruitlessly on and on in Gail's empty apartment.

☆ AROUND two, Sally Hunter was standing in a ladies' room gazing dreamily at her face in the mirror. Of course Jim Scott was just talking when he said she ought to let him fix up a screen test for her, but it was fun to listen to . . .

"Sally"—Gail's face materialized in the mirror beside her own—"Sally, do you think you might be able to persuade Jim to call it a night? I mean, it's elegant to be doing the town with you and everything, but *I* can't stay in bed until noon tomorrow, and Martin's beginning to look disapproving and—"

"Gail, do you know what Jim wants me to do?"

"You don't want to do everything Jim Scott wants you to do," said Gail darkly.

Warnings, thought Sally, entranced.

Warnings from Jim Scott, and about Jim Scott. It was enchanting. It took her mind off planning meals and whether to pay the doctor or the dentist last. . . .

"Sally! Do you know what Martin said?" Gail looked positively dewy.

"What?" asked Sally.

"He says he'd like to take me out of all this"—Gail waved a lipstick vaguely—"this environment. Do you think it means anything?"

"I think it means *everything*," said Sally solemnly.

"Oh, boy," said Gail tremulously, "it certainly does, to me. He wants me to meet an uncle of his, who's in town, tomorrow afternoon. Sally, we've got to go home or I'll look like a witch tomorrow—"

"If he wants you to meet an uncle," pronounced Sally, "it's in the bag. Come on; we'll leave right away."

☆ SALLY struggled up out of heavy sleep into an unfamiliar quiet that scared her. When she remembered where she was, she looked toward the other bed; but she saw a large piece of paper on the pillow instead of Gail's dark head.

"Sleep on," began the note, "but I have to work for a living. . . ."

Everything began flooding back across the dike of sleep. Things are always different in the morning. Sally was able to smile ruefully at the thought of Jim Scott and screen tests; but Gail's troubles, and Martin Cunningham with the hook precariously in his mouth but not yet swallowed, were real as ever in the daylight. Gail's future hung by a thread, and Pell Van Arkel could spoil everything. In spite of Jim Scott's head-shaking, if a lunch could save Gail from trouble, it should. Sally glanced at the clock and sprang out of bed.

An hour later she whisked through the lobby of the apartment house so fast that the clerk at the desk, who called after her, couldn't stop her. The hat with the anemones bobbed back at her, reflected in the sheet of glass back of the cab driver, and Sally knew Gail had been right as well as generous in urging her to wear it.

☆ SALLY had a feeling some one was staring at her from a table behind Pell Van Arkel's back, but due to an unaccustomed cocktail before lunch, she felt too languid to investigate. She lifted a spoonful of zabaglione and smiled across at Pell.

"You know," she said, "we've gone on talking about ourselves and I've said none of the things I really came to say. And I want to say them, because right now if Gail—"

"I know," said Pell, and looked at his watch. "If you'll help me try to think it out, I'll see to it Gail's not —disturbed."

"Of course I'll help."

Pell said it was after three and flustered her conscious mind into belated operation. If Jim Scott really should turn up at four to check up on her, she had planned to see to it that he and his irreverent tongue were out of the way before Martin Cunningham arrived to collect Gail for avuncular inspection. She said uncertainly that she ought to get back to the apartment, and Pell suggested coming with her just for a minute.

Sally looked dubious, which made Pell look embarrassingly, tragically humble.

"See, I'm like a typhoid carrier! It's not just myself. I carry trouble around to any one who—"

"Oh, nonsense," said Sally with salutary briskness. It occurred to her, as it had eventually to many others, that Pell's troubles grew from Pell, not fate. "All right; we can talk in a taxi. And if we haven't finished you can whip in and whip out again."

☆ BEFORE she had left for the day, Gail's maid had laid a neat pile of mail on the desk. Sally wanted to look for a letter from Jeff, but she knew she'd better be unselfish and wait.

"It seems to me," she said to Pell, who hung flatteringly on her words, "that first of all—"

The doorbell rang peremptorily.

"Gail?" said Pell disappointedly.

"No; she goes *buzz*-buzza-*buzz*-buzz. I think it's—"

Sally opened the door, and clutched at the doorknob. There stood Martin Cunningham, silent and stiff; and beside him stood Effie Van Arkel, also stiff, but with rage.

"This lady—" began Martin.

"Come in," said Sally mechanically. Effie Van Arkel scared her, she fixed such a murderous gaze on the anemone hat.

"—rode up in the elevator with me," Martin Cunningham perseveringly finished his sentence. "I take it she is an acquaintance of yours—"

"Whoever you may be!" said Effie Van Arkel grimly, and hurtled in.

"—but how you can abuse Gail's hospitality by carrying on sordid—"

"Pell!" accused his wife in a voice high with anger. "I knew you'd be here. As soon as I recognized that hat in the restaurant—"

"Have you been following me again?" demanded Pell Van Arkel, taking a step forward. "Answer me! Have you?"

Sally felt surrounded by pathology and iced by fright. She longed for the homely tumult of Ardella entangled in the washing machine; for the patter of little feet on their way to committing mayhem, assault, and battery.

"Whether you're Gail Tyler, or just some other woman of her kind" —Effie Van Arkel ignored her husband and wheeled on Sally—"I tell you now, and for the last time—"

Martin Cunningham gave her one look and she was silent. Sally admired him for it with one corner of her brain. He was obviously the adequate type, and it was tragic that Gail should lose him—but she would now. *Buzz*-buzza-*buzz*-buzz, rang the doorbell, a key scratched in the lock, and Sally gave up all hope.

"Ah," said Jim Scott with sadistic relish, peering over Gail's shoulder. "What did I tell you, duck?"

Sally moved her lips, but no answer came. Gail seemed to be struck speechless, too. She looked helplessly at Martin. It was the best thing she could have done. He patted her shoulder competently, pointedly paying no attention to the rabble.

Jim Scott looked bored and spun his hat toward the desk, knocking over the pile of mail in the process. He picked up the yellow envelope the desk clerk hadn't managed to deliver and handed it to Sally.

"Always open telegrams, dear."

"Measles!" reported Sally in a voice that made it sound like cholera. "Not one of the children has had it!"

"Then you *are* married!" said Effie Van Arkel.

"Certainly she is," said Jim coldly. "That's why it's safe for me to be in love with her; no risk. Listen, Van Arkel. Why don't you pack up your troubles and try taking them home, for once? Why don't you pack your little grip, Sally? Now let's see. That leaves Cunningham and Gail. Well, why don't you two get married?"

"I can manage my affairs without your help," said Cunningham testily as the door closed on the Van Arkels.

"Go ahead, then," advised Jim.

"Come," said Cunningham majestically to Gail, who burst into tears.

"Curtain," said Jim. "Hurry up, Sally darling—or do you *want* to miss a train?"

"Oh, no!" gasped Sally, and hurried.

☆ "I ITCH!" cried Andy as Jeff led Sally in.

"Did you have a good time?" asked Patsy, dancing around underfoot. "Did you bring us anything? Did you have a good time?"

"Elegant," said her mother, then paused abstractedly. "Elegant. . . . But you ought to be in bed! It's after nine o'clock!"

"That *'ooman*," muttered Ardella, clumping sullenly downstairs, pursued by Miss Stebbins' voice.

"Back again in your peaceful home," said Jeff wearily.

"Oh, Jeff!" cried Sally, and clutched him. "It is! You don't know!"

Jiggs began to cry. Sally ripped herself out of her husband's arms so hurriedly that the spray of yellow orchids contributed by Jim Scott fell from her coat unnoticed.

THE END

STALIN: DEVIL OR GENIUS?

Continued from Page 13

raged me. The place was a hotbed of espionage and chicanery. At nine in the morning we assembled for tea, and when we returned to our bedrooms all the drawers had been rifled. And just as they went daily through our papers, they went daily through our souls. I could not stand it; everything infuriated me. And at that time the first illegal groups of Russian Socialists were coming to the Caucasus. They made a deep impression on me and I immediately acquired a taste for forbidden literature."

CHOIRBOY STALIN GETS A MEDAL

It appears that the boy learned little about religion at the seminary but much about singing, for we find reference to him as a sort of cantor; and once, on the Czar's birthday, he rendered a solo in an Orthodox church and won high praise for it!

When four years had passed, the eighteen-year-old Stalin was expelled from the seminary. We may well imagine what this meant to the mother, who had hoped to secure her son's future. Her sense of honor was wounded, too, so that even in her old age she denied the expulsion; and while journalists and biographers in Russia dwelt with pride on this incident in Stalin's life, one voice was lifted to me in protest. Long after her son had become dictator, his mother explained vigorously:

"No, he was not expelled. I brought him home because of his health. When he entered the seminary he was fresh and strong. But he studied too much, and the doctor said he might become consumptive. That's why I took him away. He would have been glad to stay on. He was my only son, a good boy; I never had to punish him. No, he wasn't expelled!"

This touching falsehood—which the old woman undoubtedly accepted as the gospel truth—was not intended to demonstrate her share in the revolutionary molding of her son. She only wanted to defend the honor of the family. So completely do the next of kin misunderstand the mission of an extraordinary man.

IS STALIN EUROPEAN OR ASIATIC?

Where are we, in Georgia, Europe, or in Asia? This question already has been raised by the geographers of antiquity, Herodotus and Strabo, when they spoke of the Caucasus. Traversing a lofty Caucasian mountain pass by car, I was delighted beyond measure by the sight of a signpost with two arms, on which was painted in Russian characters: "To Europe!" "To Asia!" The year was 1925. Our automobile traveled for the most part on three wheels, the radiator became overheated every fifteen minutes, the engine had to take pe-

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Siegel

Auntie A: Sh! Take a look at Junior. It's shocking! He's become a he-wallflower!

Auntie B: A little job for us, Sister! Come on, let's go.

Auntie A: And now, my fine young relative, you're convicted of not having enough *pep appeal*. No oomph, you know. No zip-zip!

Auntie B: And you're sentenced to eating right and getting all your vitamins! You can't have pep without vitamins, you know. And right here's where we make a start toward getting them. Come on to the kitchen.

Auntie A: Yessir, right in that delicious cereal called KELLOGG'S PEP—a cereal made of choice parts of sun-ripened wheat—you'll find extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins, B_1 and D.

Junior: Save the lecture, Auntie! If getting the rest of my vitamins is as much fun as eating PEP, I'm going to be the most changed man you ever saw.

Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's Pep* for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: a 5 to 15 the average daily need of vitamin B, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For several of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

COPYRIGHT, 1942, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

riodic rests from sheer exhaustion. I was ready to believe I was in Asia.

The mountains hereabouts are gloomy and magnificent, though the peaks lack the clarity of outline and the articulation of the Swiss Alps. Here everything is overdone, oppressive and wild. Stalin undoubtedly learned at school that it was in his native land that Odysseus visited the Troglodytes, whose cave dwellings may still be seen not far from the city of Tiflis. Jewish legend designates the Caucasus Mountains as the last resting place of Noah's ark, while the Greeks consign to their care the Argo on which Jason and his companions sought the Golden Fleece. Young Stalin cannot have cared much about either. But when he learned that Prometheus of old was chained to one of these rocks, he may have paused long enough over the story to wonder whether the demigod ever succeeded in slipping his chains and escaping; for slipping from chains was to become an important preoccupation of this much captured and recaptured revolutionary.

Yes, it was Asia, and it is only as an Asiatic figure that Stalin can be understood. Everything about the young man now emerging slowly is Asiatic, and it will always remain Asiatic: the slow persistence, the silent consistency, the coldness, the gloom, and the vengefulness. That which we designate as typically Georgian, but which happens to be Russian, is the exact opposite. We know that from a number of famous novels, but also from history and legend. The typical Russian character is fundamentally more good-natured, softer; it is capable of murder one wild instant, and of sobbing remorse the next. Lenin admitted to Gorky how he suffered when he had to invoke the reign of terror during the civil war in order to save the Revolution. We may be quite sure that he did not weep with his eyes but with his heart.

In contrast to him, Stalin the Georgian and Caucasian, whose home is on the farther side of the signpost where the road goes southward, is closer, in the very formation of his eyes, to the Mongolian type. His definite cruelty is that of an Asiatic. His heart probably did not weep when he had his oldest comrades executed; he doubtless slept well at night.

MUSSOLINI WANTED HIS PHOTO TAKEN

Let us compare the dictators. Stalin is four years older than Mussolini and ten years older than Hitler, one year older than Trotsky and nine years younger than Lenin.

Let us compare the picture of the twenty-two-year-old Stalin with those of the other two dictators at his age, and we already perceive the difference in their characters and even a forecast of their respective futures—one which is perhaps more important than the astrological variety.

Before his twenty-first year Mussolini was too poor to have himself photographed; he was to revenge himself on this memory, as a friend of his said to me, by becoming the most photographed man of his age. But pictures of him as a young Socialist show us a glowing face from which a fiery spirit looks out upon the world. He did not yet have the head of an aging Roman emperor, nor was there yet any trace of the man of violence in it. Hitler, who at the same age is presented to us as a soldier with a long mustache, strikes us as heavily hysterical, pale, uncertain, searching.

Of Stalin at the age of twenty-two we have two pictures, taken at the same time; between them they give us the man. In the profile photograph we see him with a sparse loose sailor beard, a large mane, a thoughtful expression, so that he looks like an idealist who could also write poetry or think up a new philosophy. But in full face, with his black mustache, his dark coat, the blinking expression, he looks like a man of violence. The line of his life runs between these polar extremes; it followed an ideal, but it never shrank from any criminal act in order to reach its goal. Of the three dictators, Stalin is perhaps in the long run the strongest. Lenin as a Russian and Trotsky as a Jew were held back by certain moral considerations; no such factor could balk Stalin. That second photograph has no parallel among those of any of the revolutionary rulers of our time.

STALIN "WANTS TO BE ALONE"

Having attained power more slowly than the others, he has a firmer grip on it. To censure such a man for having ambition is to be ignorant of the psychology of the strong; for without ambition we should have few great men, and these only among thinkers and artists. Without ambition the active life would wither away completely. Rivalry and competition, the keen desire to win the game, are inborn in man, and only the hopeless and the puritanical are motivated by the so-called pure objective desire to help the fatherland or humanity.

But while Mussolini and Hitler, and naturally our two great democratic leaders also, are also driven forward by the thought of fame, Stalin differs from them. He is entirely devoid of the emotion of pathos and wants nothing better than loneliness, so that he can mold his power entirely according to his plans. None of these men has the slightest feeling for money; but Stalin has not even the slightest feeling for personal surroundings. His room in the Kremlin, as we have seen, looks like a doctor's office. All the things needed by Hitler and Mussolini for their receptions and public appearances are utterly alien to Stalin, as they were to Lenin.

When this young Asiatic threw himself into the thankless and dangerous petty tasks of the illegal parties—the Socialist first, and then the Bolshevik—he still spoke a broken Russian; it was only much later, when he had passed his fortieth year, that he learned something like the proper pronunciation. The fact that he was not a Russian gave a special impetus to his early activity. Napoleon the Corsican gavè himself up to France, the country which his forefathers had always hated, and which he too had hated in his boyhood because it had conquered his native land. Pilsudski the half-Lithuanian gave himself up to Poland out of a similar feeling. As an oppressed Austrian, Hitler, who does almost nothing except hate, chose the hated and yet admired oppressor, Prussia, as the country he would rule. Out of such conquests there arise, as in the love struggle between men and women, sudden and unexpected emotions of love: then the victorious dictator is like the happy conqueror of a woman. That is why Napoleon later loved France. Pilsudski, Hitler, and Stalin became the sons of their adopted countries when they became their fathers.

But among these five men only the one hysteric, Hitler, is driven by his perversity to dishonor and destroy his own countrymen, the Austrians, whereas the others have always had a protective attitude toward their first homelands. Stalin has always retained and frequently expressed a special regard for Georgia. But he, like Hitler, put down with bloodthirsty ruthlessness the revolt of his native land—in 1922 and 1924; he was even rebuked for this by Lenin.

During the decade between his twentieth and thirtieth years Stalin, with his unpronounceable real name, was not yet Stalin, but was Sosso, Kuba, and half a dozen other aliases, for he and his comrades were in perpetual flight from the Czarist police. The Okhrana, which also had several names, was the prototype of the organization which Stalin later built up as the GPU and the model for Himmler's Gestapo. The Czars were the real discoverers of the system, just as refined torture was the discovery of the fanatical Middle Ages. The tragedy of it is that all the tortures of the Inquisition have been invoked to transform our enlightened era into a new Middle Ages.

SIX TIMES TO SIBERIA IN TEN YEARS

It is extremely difficult to reconstruct the early life of Stalin from documents; a man who leads his kind of existence always burns his letters, destroys the minutes of meetings, and even obliterates his footsteps. The political propaganda of Stalin's later years had little material to falsify concerning his earlier years. All that his opponents want to prove is that until the time of the Revolution, when he was thirty-eight years old, Stalin had not attracted the slightest attention. This, however, is entirely in keeping with his character, for even if he did entertain at that time dreams of a great career, it was part of his Asiatic nature to conceal them.

This much is definite: Between 1903 and 1913 Stalin, under his various names, was captured six times by the police, and six times sent to Siberia.

He invariably escaped. To be sure, a Czaristic prisoner found it easier to slip his chains than a Prometheus. The utter disintegration of the Czarist state machine may be gauged from the fact that while it maintained an expensive system of spies, detectives, and stool pigeons, it was never capable of keeping its captured enemies under lock and key.

The immense disorderliness of Russia, which the Bolsheviks have been combating for twenty years, was no less evident in the administration of the empire than in the soul of its subjects. Just as ferocity and tenderness lie next to each other in the Russian soul, so we find condemned revolutionaries being sent, generation after generation, to Siberia and often being treated with great kindness by their guards! The concentration camp was quite unknown under the Czars. Siberia is a vast and beautiful country, very cold in the winter, very hot in the summer. Since many of the deportees were writers, we have vivid reports which contain few complaints. The writers seem to have lacked nothing except the field of their activities.

Stalin was able to catch up in exile with the reading which his agitated life of propaganda had made impossible. More than that, a man who is inclined to go fishing and hunting every day can build his health up admirably in Siberia. Stalin, who nearly developed tuberculosis in his youth, cured himself of the predisposition out in Siberia. The sudden and terrible ice wind which sweeps across the steppes—the Buran, as it is called—once got him in its grip as he was crossing a frozen river. He struggled against it for hours before he reached a peasant hut. He collapsed on the threshold; he was taken in and warmed; he slept for eight hours, and from that time on was free from the danger of tuberculosis. Or so goes the legend.

PRISONERS READ MARX TO GUARDS

In Siberia, Stalin also did something for the completion of his education, and in this he resembles Mussolini, who told me with considerable satisfaction of the reading he managed to do in his eleven prisons. It appears that the Czar, intent on the destruction of his enemies, only succeeded in setting them up, physically and mentally. Stalin got his first real understanding of Karl Marx, who had been studied by Russian intellectuals for nearly three generations, in his Siberian exiles. In the records of the revolutionaries there are descriptions of charming scenes: prisoners reading Karl Marx's Capital to their Cossack guards; the latter falling asleep in sheer boredom, the former staying only too wide awake.

Until the time of the Revolution the Russians avoided all discipline, and in the course of sixty years lost three great wars in a row. In this vaguely governed, shapeless, immense empire there was a sort of ladder on which the illegal mounted step by step to legality. So you could always find revolutionaries among the nobility, upstarts among workers, and stool pigeons, ready to betray their own flesh and blood, in all classes.

The masses whom the young propagandist and his colleagues had to work on had been drawn in large numbers to the oil wells of Baku, which were first developed in the '70s of the last century; by the beginning of the twentieth century hundreds of thousands of workers, in a great mixture of races and religions, were already concentrated there. Living in their miserable tin-sheet huts and hovels, they were excellent material for the Socialist movement, which at first was unified and did not split into warring schools until 1903. There Stalin passed that laborious and obscure third decade of his life, returning again and again from Siberia to take up once more the labor of unifying the workers: an interminable series of lectures, demonstrations, and leaflets spreading enlightenment and revolt.

Robbing for the cause, hunted as a dangerous radical, slipping from one hiding place to another from day to day, "the man without nerves" served his apprenticeship in the revolutionary movement. Read next week of his first meeting with Lenin, of his exile to a frightful region in Siberia, of his jealousy of Trotsky, and his part in helping the Bolsheviks to power.

3 DON'TS AND A DO FOR '42

DON'T SOAK your hair! Frequent use of water washes out scalp oils, leaves hair wild and unruly, may encourage dandruff. Kreml keeps hair *neatly* in place.

DON'T GREASE! "Patent Leather" hair went out of style with the bustle. Let Kreml keep your hair soft, lustrous, well-groomed — without that "axle-grease" look.

DON'T NEGLECT! Don't wait until it's too late. Use Kreml massage *daily* to check excessive falling hair. Kreml helps your scalp maintain a proper oil balance.

DO USE KREML! "Head right" with Kreml-groomed hair in '42! Kreml helps keep your scalp clean, removes loose dandruff scales. Get Kreml .. today!

Ladies! **Kreml keeps coiffures lovely, lustrous. Conditions your hair both *before* and *after* permanents.**

Hair-care Combination: **Kreml Hair Tonic *and* gentle Kreml Shampoo (made from an 80% olive oil base) that cleanses thoroughly, leaves your hair more manageable. *Get BOTH at your drugstore. Ask your barber for an application.***

DON'T USE WATER *USE*

KREML

NOT GREASY MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES, CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

BY HOWARD BARNES

Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake in the new Preston Sturges picture Sullivan's Travels.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

Kaaren Verne in All Through the Night, a knockout thriller about spies and mobsters.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ½ SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS

Few movie makers have come along recently who can touch Preston Sturges for sound screen writing, imaginative direction, and shrewd casting. After The Great McGinty, Christmas in July, and The Lady Eve, a new show with the Sturges trademark is something to anticipate with definite pleasure. So watch for Sullivan's Travels. This newest offering of one of Hollywood's most brilliant triple-threat artists has great dramatic punch and excitement. The moods switch a bit too swiftly for comfort, but the stuff of engrossing entertainment is handed out in a lavish manner.

The picture covers a lot of ground. It starts in as a seriocomic satire on Hollywood itself. Sullivan is an earnest movie director who sets out to discover life in the raw. He puts on old clothes and goes bumming, but the publicity department of his studio makes a stunt of the whole idea.

It is only when a real bum slugs and rolls him and tosses him into a freight car that he finds out how raw life actually can be. Picked up as a belligerent vagrant, the Hollywood big shot takes a stretch in a chain gang.

The exuberant Sturges would have done better, I believe, by making two pictures out of this material. One of them a bright satire on the whole business of concocting films. The other a tough melodrama about prison cruelty.

Both sections of the picture are extremely good. The writing and staging are first-rate. The acting of Joel McCrea in the leading role is splendid. And the production itself is all that any author-director could wish upon himself. If you can accept a violent change in mood and treatment, you may not be bothered by the about-face in plot. To me it proved jangling, if not actually confusing, to find Sullivan changing from a clown to a victim of prison violence. Half of Sullivan's Travels is fanciful satire. Half is tough sociological melodrama.

McCrea manages to be convincing in both the satire and the straight drama. Veronica Lake is far less successful in bridging the gap. As a stray with movie ambitions who is given a chance by the masquerading director, she is believable enough, even with that messy hair-do of hers. In the later sequences she is no more than a stock figure. Robert Warwick, William Demarest, and Franklin Pangborn turn in biting caricatures of studio exccutives. The fine Sturges talent burns brightly in Sullivan's Travels, even if he has tried a bit too much for one film.

(Paramount.)

★ ★ ★ ½ ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

A straight-action melodrama has been given an interesting twist in this staccato screen show. Using a conventional framework, the plot tosses in a bunch of fifth columnists for villains. What might have been an ordinary gang-war movie becomes a dramatic defense of democratic principles, as a group of Broadway gamblers and touts cleans up on a Nazi spy ring. With Humphrey Bogart giving one of his best performances as an ex-mobster with patriotic impulses, the show's a knockout thriller.

Some years ago there was a German film called M, in which a fiendish murderer avoided capture until the underworld closed in on him. All Through the Night takes its cue from that fine picture. Gloves Donahue and his Broadway pals stumble by sheer accident on a Nazi sabotage plot. The police don't believe this fantastic tale of espionage activities right in the heart of Manhattan, so Gloves and the boys do a little job for Uncle Sam on their own.

The plot of this movie is fabulous. It has Gloves and his henchmen wandering through sinister warehouses and miraculously escaping death a dozen times. It has a wild chase and free-for-all in Central Park and a rousing fight as the Broadway crowd breaks up a Nazi meeting.

Taken with several grains of salt, though, the film is certain to keep you on the edge of your seat. Bogart contributes a striking portrayal as the big-time gambler who finds out that Nazi spies are lots worse than rival mobsters. Conrad Veidt is splendid as the chief saboteur. Kaaren Verne is attractive and sympathetic as a German girl who is forced to be a Nazi agent, and Peter Lorre is a properly savage killer. Here's a smashing melodrama with fresh and provocative angles.

(Warner Brothers.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—Dumbo, One Foot in Heaven.

★★★½—The Man Who Came to Dinner, H. M. Pulham, Esq., How Green Was My Valley, Two-Faced Woman, Birth of the Blues, Suspicion, It Started with Eve, You'll Never Get Rich, International Lady, Honky Tonk, All That Money Can Buy.

★★★—Design for Scandal, Kathleen, The Corsican Brothers, Sundown, Shadow of the Thin Man, Blues in the Night, Playmates, The Chocolate Soldier, Target for Tonight, Skylark, Ladies in Retirement, The Feminine Touch, Smilin' Through, International Squadron.

THE GHOST OF MONTFAUCON

Continued from Page 15

and requested the use of a razor, which was without precedent altogether.

"There is really nothing to eat," Jules apologized, "except some potatoes and leeks which I myself grew in what was the flower plot behind the memorial—God forgive me."

"The Jerries ration you?" the ghost suggested.

"It is not that so much," said Jules miserably. "It is that I have no more money. Once I was considered by those of Montfaucon as well off, and I was welcome everywhere. Each month I received from 2 Avenue Gabriel, in Paris, a letter containing a check for thirty dollars. As you know, that is sufficient for one man. But after the Boche invaded the second time, and Sergeant Hopkins—a fine man, Sergeant Hopkins, although with but one leg—was called away so hurriedly, I received my wages only one more month. I have heard no more, although I write often. I do not think the mails are reliable any more."

"You kept on working?" the ghost inquired.

"Yes. The others, when the money did not come, worked no longer. I remained, but the work is really too much for one man. I cannot even keep the grass down in front of the memorial. They will allow me no petrol for the mowing machine."

"Why do you stay?" the ghost asked.

Jules spread his hands, palms upward. "I am an old man. I think I have always been an old man. For as long as I remember, after the great offensive and after I came out of the hospital, the Americans took care of me. Why should not I care for them —those lonely ones out there—now? There is no one else, and besides, Sergeant Hopkins said I could use the cottage."

☆ THE ghost pondered this, and then he said, choosing his words with care, "It is necessary that I leave here. It is necessary that at least I get to unoccupied France."

"But you can vanish," Jules protested. "You can vanish and go where you wish."

The ghost smiled and shook his head. "No, I do not have the power to vanish, and if the Germans find me, they will put me in jail, or perhaps shoot me. Do you understand that?"

"Well, not exactly," said Jules.

"You must help me leave here," said the ghost. "Surely there is some one in Montfaucon who can be trusted and will help. But first I must get something to eat, even if it is only potatoes from the flower garden. I have money."

"I will try to do whatever you say," said Jules simply. "Sometimes my memory is bad, but if you tell me slowly what to do, I will do it, for I can see that this is important, although why it is important for M. le Lieutenant Ghost to go beyond the zone, and why you cannot vanish, is still not clear."

From his trousers the ghost took a wallet. There was English currency in it, and this he discarded. From a smaller compartment he drew a tight wad of American bills. Jules' eyes brightened as he saw them. "In Montfaucon," he said, "such notes have always been like gold in the sock. I happen to know it is still so."

☆ IT was almost noon before Jules appeared at the butcher shop of M. Cadreau, for the public camions no longer were seen on the Romagne-Montfaucon road. It was a long dusty walk for one nearing his eighth decade, and Jules was weak and shaking and leaned for a time against the counter while M. Cadreau carefully ignored him. "*Bon jour*, M. Cadreau," he began when he had recovered his breath. "I see you have meat today."

"What matters it to you, old one?" growled Cadreau. "The price is high, and it is apparent you have no money and will never have any money."

"Today I have money," Jules said proudly. "Also I have almost two months' meat rations coming to me. I desire it all now. Mutton, if possible."

"You have money? From where did it come?"

Jules tapped his forehead to joggle back the memory of what the ghost had instructed he should say. But he could not recall, for he was very fatigued, and at length he replied, truthfully, "The new ghost gave it to me."

"Hah," Cadreau shouted. "Listen to the ancient! You and your ghosts!"

From his tattered corduroy trousers Jules drew a bill. "Regard this," he invited. "You have seen money such as this before, I take it, M. Cadreau?"

Cadreau lumbered to the counter and took the bill from Jules' hand. He felt of it and listened to its crisp crackle as he crumpled it in his palm. "Five of the American dollars!" he murmured. "Where did you get this? Are you getting your pay from Paris again?"

"As I said, the new ghost gave it to me. The new ghost is frantic with hunger, so quickly give me as much meat as it will bring."

"The new ghost will eat meat?" Cadreau asked, his eyes suddenly sharp and shrewd in the flabby folds of his face.

"Of a certainty! He is of an extraordinary height and gaunt and very hungry."

"Describe this new ghost to me," Cadreau requested, moving toward the meat chest, and Jules described him as best he could.

"It is not possible!" Cadreau exclaimed when Jules insisted the ghost was undoubtedly an American. "I listen morning and night to the Paris radio, and it is well known that

A GLORIOUS NEW WAY TO PLAY RECORDS!

PHILCO

"Beam of Light"

RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

Now, new and greater enjoyment of recorded music is yours, thanks to Music on a Beam of Light, the revolutionary invention of Philco engineers. In radio, too, *exclusive* Philco features give you thrilling performance and FM at new low cost!

No Needles to Change!
Permanent jewel floats over the records. No scratchy steel needles.

Records last Longer!
Your valuable records good for 10 times as many playings as before.

Glorious Tone!
Hidden beauties released from your records, unmarred by surface noise.

Philco Tilt-Front Cabinet!
Just tilt the grille forward and place your records!
Philco 1012, shown. Easy Terms.

See the 1942 Philco Radios and Phonographs TODAY

America is doing nothing. Are you sure it was an American uniform, not English?"

Jules straightened indignantly. "Do not forget that I served with the Americans, and that for twenty years I have observed American officers at the cemetery. Also, I have been visited by a number of American ghosts, and I know them when I see them, never forget it."

Cadreau snorted. "It could not be a Britisher," he estimated, "since the authorities have ascertained a full crew was dead on the bomber. It is not possible, but—" Cadreau rested the flat of his knife on the meat under his hand and the light of apprehension wavered in his eyes. "I will give you some meat," he said finally, "and I will keep this money. Have you any more?"

M. Cadreau was not acting in a proper fashion, Jules felt, and he was worried because he could not remember the instructions of the ghost. "No, this is all," he said. He shuffled quickly away. He had best see Mme. Dupuy. She, he knew, could be trusted.

He found Mme. Dupuy in the chair in front of her empty curio and souvenir shop, her bulk encased in the black sateen dress which, so far as memory went in Montfaucon, she had always worn. Her head was bent over her knitting, but nothing that went on upon the street escaped her black eyes. She had noted Jules' excursion into the butcher shop, and she noted the bundle he carried under his arm when he came out. Far to the left she saw Corporal Müller, the black-booted SS trooper, sauntering past the shop of M. Pagen, the pharmacist, and she fervently hoped Pagen was not operating his radio, with its hidden short-wave receiving band. In an upper floor, on her right, she had observed Mlle. D'Autry weeping in the window. The girl needed cheering. Somewhere to the north—no one knew exactly where—her sweetheart was a slave.

☆ THUS Jules found Mme. Dupuy. "Madame," he said, agitated and fearful under the dark thrust of her glance, "I have something of importance to tell you."

"Well?" she asked, her fingers busy with her needles.

"It is that a new American ghost has come to my cemetery. He ordered me to find some one who was completely trustworthy, and so I come to you."

"Jules Vinard," she said, "you are as crazy as a beheaded fowl. You had better not talk like that around the town, else the Germans will remove you from your fine cottage and possibly exterminate you."

"The new ghost came last night in his shroud," Jules persisted. "He is a lieutenant, and he is hungry. See, I am taking him meat."

Mme. Dupuy was silent. "But it is not food alone he needs," Jules continued. "It is necessary that he leave here quickly. He told me—he told me—" Jules shrugged helplessly. "I am not very good at remembering," he said.

"What time did this military spook come?" Mme. Dupuy asked, her fingers suddenly still.

"When the guns were going, or just after. When the guns speak I go out to the road, because always I think—"

Mme. Dupuy started to rise, but didn't. She shook her head. "No," she said. "No, it could not be. There was only one bomber, and it came down on the hillside and tore itself apart—worse luck and may Hitler burn slowly in hell. The eight within it were dead, and such a bomber carries a crew of eight. No, Vinard, you were dreaming."

Jules pressed his thin hands together and tried to think. "Look," he said excitedly. "Look!" He delved into his pocket and brought out the remainder of the American bills. "See, the ghost gave me these with which to buy food. Do you believe me now?"

"Calm yourself," she admonished. "Let me see those." She took the money and inspected it minutely, and then thrust it within the folds of her dress, for one never knew who was watching. "What did he tell you?" she whispered. "Exactly, my friend, what did he say?"

"All that I recall is that I am to bring some one who is wholly reliable and who has no love for the Boche."

She drew in her breath. "You did not give one of these bills to M. Cadreau?" she said. He nodded yes.

☆ *"MON DIEU!"* she breathed. "Do you not know Cadreau is a collaborationist? I do not know what your ghost is, but if he is actually flesh and blood, truly a man, and in uniform, then he is as good as dead—and you also, Jules Vinard."

"He said come quickly," Jules said, satisfied that she was convinced.

"That Cadreau! One day we will cut out his heart with his own butcher knife and hang him on a hook with the other swine!"

"Quickly, madame!"

"Hush! I am thinking. He will have no opportunity to inform the black boots until tonight, for he will not leave his shop unattended. They will not believe him at first, because of your reputation as a confidant of apparitions and because those of the bomber are accounted for. But tomorrow, or the next day, the American money will reach the hands of an officer with more sense than most, and then they will come and shoot your friend."

"My ghost," Jules corrected, "my new lieutenant ghost."

"If he is a ghost, there is no cause for him to worry. But if he isn't a ghost, I am afraid he soon will be."

"Are you not coming?" Jules pleaded.

"Certainly I am coming!" said Mme. Dupuy. "Go quickly back, and keep him well hidden and tell him I will be there tonight." Mme. Dupuy, her jet eyes still flicking at the nooks and shadows of her street, lowered her head and went on with her knitting.

Jules started his six kilometers back on the Romagne road with resolution, but on the way the necessity for speed ebbed from his mind, and he stopped to chat with certain of his friends, and to them he related the story of his ghost; but of course they did not believe him, and Mme. Dupuy had taken his American money, so he had no convincing argument. He found the ghost in the kitchen, eating scrawny dwarfed potatoes, half cooked, unbuttered, and unsalted. *"Regardez!"* Jules boasted. "Meat! A veritable feast of meat!"

"Fine," said the ghost. "But is some one coming? Did you find somebody to help?" Jules told him that in the night, at a time not stated, they could expect Mme. Dupuy, a most reliable woman. Then Jules set to roasting the meat, because any one could see that his ghost was famished.

☆ IT was midnight when she came. At first she was only a dark moving shadow on the gentle hill. Then they saw her moving purposefully up the path, sturdy and inexorable as a medium tank. When she was very close it could be seen that she carried a bundle.

Jules swung the door open for her and she stepped inside. She looked into the eyes of the ghost and her own eyes traveled the length of him and back again, touching at his belt and his shoulder straps and his shoes and the cut of his uniform. "M. le Lieutenant Ghost," said Jules ceremoniously, "allow me to present Mme. Dupuy, a leader of the town of Montfaucon."

Mme. Dupuy swung her bundle to the table. "Lieutenant," she said, "you are in a very dangerous position, which I suppose you understand. You will also understand my position, and the need for discretion, because I like to continue living, and I do not want to die, for there are many things for me to do. Therefore what we have to discuss we must discuss carefully and yet swiftly, for I do not know how much time we have."

"Thank you for coming, madame," said the lieutenant ghost. "If you can get me out of here, it will not only be a great favor to me but to your country and England and mine."

Jules realized, for the first time, how in earnest was this ghost, and how there were lines in his face, although he was very young.

"That is a very pretty speech," observed Mme. Dupuy, "but you will have to convince me it is vital that you escape from the zone. Why should you not surrender? Your country is not at war. They can make things unpleasant but they will not dare harm you."

"Well, we weren't at war yesterday," said the ghost dryly.

"There is something in what you say," madame said, cocking her head on the side. "But unless there are reasons greater than your personal safety, greater than your life—although I confess I like you at first

sight—then I cannot risk my own life and the lives of my friends."

Jules sat down. This conversation was bewildering, and he realized the affair of the ghost was out of his hands.

"There are such reasons," said the lieutenant.

Mme. Dupuy unfastened her bundle and drew out a bottle of wine. "You are from Texas," she suggested. "I have met many Texans. They talk as if they hoarded each word and were afraid to let it out."

"Sure, I'm from Texas."

Mme. Dupuy shook out the rest of the bundle. It was a wrinkled shoddy brown suit, such as a peasant might keep in his closet for a Saturday night in Reims or Verdun. "Let us sit down and discuss this rationally," she said. "This," she continued, holding up the trousers, "I borrowed from Didier, the milkman, who is the tallest man in Montfaucon. Now tell me why I should give it to you and spirit you out"—she chuckled at her pun—"spirit you out of this cemetery?" She poured wine into cups.

"I think one reason will be enough," the lieutenant began. "Between Amiens and St. Quentin we spotted some trains. We dropped down to two thousand and I counted eighteen more. Undoubtedly troop trains. There were other trains with tanks. We blew hell out of one of them. The main highways are dark with troops. They were all moving west. Know why?"

"Not clearly."

"It means Jerry is moving stuff from the eastern front back to the coast. May mean he's given up on Russia and is going to risk the big job. May mean he's shuttling them down to the Spanish border. May be a bluff. Whatever it is, they ought to know in London and Washington."

☆ "DON'T you think they know already?" Mme. Dupuy inquired.

"No. We were lucky. Caught them on a bright night. Remember how it was last night? After we spotted the first one we came in low all the way. That's how they got us. Flak knocked out both motors. They shoved me out first. I was nearest the door. Chute barely opened. Did the others get out O. K.?"

Madame poured herself some more wine. "They were all dead," she said.

The lieutenant rubbed the palm of his hand across his forehead. "Makes me feel like a heel."

"Don't be an imbecile!" Mme. Dupuy rebuked him. "I now comprehend how the Germans reported a full crew dead. You were an extra passenger."

"Yes. When an American observer comes along, we deadhead it. All I was along for was to check refraction in the bomb sight. I wasn't important originally. Now I'm important. I'm the only one left."

"Yes," Mme. Dupuy admitted. "You are important."

In the corner, Jules Vinard, his chair tilted back, rested his head against the wall and snored. "Now this is the way it will be," Mme. Dupuy began, and she told the lieutenant what he was to do, and what Jules was to do, on the next night.

☆ WITH money, she explained, anything was possible. There were no vehicles, except those of the Boche, but among the Boche was one Kramer, the Alsatian who drove the ambulance. Kramer's ambulance would stop at the crossroads, five hundred meters from the gates. The time would be midnight exactly. Kramer would take him to Dijon. If he was stopped, the lieutenant would lie in the ambulance cot and groan. It was fortunate that the lieutenant spoke some German. He would not need much, for a wounded man does not speak long sentences. If Kramer reached the home of Dr. Picard, in Dijon, the rest was simple. "I cannot count how many we have put across the line," said Mme. Dupuy.

"And the old man?" asked Lieutenant Pickens.

"It is best that we tell him nothing. He is certain you are a wraith, and when the Boche comes—as they surely will because of that fat pig of a Cadreau—he will tell them you are a spook, and tell them again and again, and eventually they will believe it."

"My uniform? Jules has already hidden my chute."

"Bury it in his potato patch," she said.

"And the money?"

Mme. Dupuy threw back her head and laughed. "The money! All of us of Montfaucon who had francs under the fireplace bricks, or Ausland marks—the worthless paper—in our pitchers—all of us will contribute the money. There is Didier, whose suit you will wear; and M. Pagen, the pharmacist; and M. Duval, the cashier at the bank; and Dr. Roselle, and many others."

"I am afraid it'll be a hardship on you all," the lieutenant said.

"Oh, no. I have a pocket full of your American currency. For many years we were familiar with it. It was, so to speak, our life, particularly those of us who sold souvenirs and postcards, such as me. And if you have any British money, give it to me if you are troubled by a conscience."

The lieutenant gave her his eleven English pounds.

Itching—Burning
SKIN and SCALP IRRITATIONS

Home Treatment Promptly Relieves Distress!

To quickly relieve maddening itching, burning of eczema, psoriasis, ringworm symptoms and other skin irritations due to external cause—apply wonderful *liquid* Zemo—a Doctor's formula backed by 30 years' continuous success! Zemo actually aids healing.

One of the *many* advantages of using Zemo on skin and scalp is that it's such a clean, stainless, invisible *liquid*. Apply anytime—it won't show on skin. Over 25,000,000 packages sold. First trial convinces! 35¢, 60¢, $1.00. At all drugstores.

ZEMO

RECOGNIZED ADVERTISING . . .

Liberty maintains a special department for the purpose of checking carefully each and every ad appearing in the magazine. By this means we believe that all advertising claims may be relied upon. Buy with confidence!

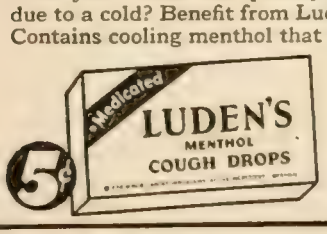
WHEN COLDS AND CONSTIPATION

STRIKE TOGETHER—TAKE THIS FAST-ACTING LAXATIVE

Colds are often accompanied by headaches and acute constipation, making you feel miserable all over. When a laxative is needed, trust Pluto Water. Although PLUTO works swiftly, it works by gentle osmosis, creating fluid bulk in the colon, flushing digestive waste, usually within an hour. Pluto is a concentrated, fortified and scientifically stabilized saline mineral water with all minerals and salts in complete solution. It passes through the stomach without disturbing its function, is not absorbed, and acts in the colon where physicians want a laxative to act. Try Pluto now! In 25c and 50c economy bottles, also 10c size. You must get refreshing, comforting relief from acute constipation in one hour or your money back. French Lick Springs Hotel Co., French Lick, Indiana.

MEDICATED FOR SANDPAPER THROAT

Does your throat feel prickly when you swallow—due to a cold? Benefit from Luden's special formula. Contains cooling menthol that helps bring quick relief. Don't suffer another second. Get Luden's for that "sandpaper throat!"



Copr. 1940, Luden's, Inc.

"It was good before and it will be good again," Mme. Dupuy said. "Consider this not as an act of charity but as an investment—a good solid French investment. Now I must go and may God guard you tomorrow night, as I am sure He will."

The dawn came, and far off, over the poplars, the lieutenant saw the thin dust rise from the crossroads, and he was troubled, for he felt that more troops were moving west. In the afternoon the dust subsided, and Jules and the lieutenant finished the last of the meat. And finally there came evening and the lieutenant changed from his uniform and buried it. Then they waited.

As the hour drew near, Jules was sorry that the ghost was leaving, for he was a pleasant companion for an old man, although not talkative. When only half an hour remained until midnight, the ghost began to pace up and down in front of the fireplace, staring at the clock as the minute hand crawled across its face. "Before I go," he said softly to Jules, "there are some things I want to tell you. First, when I get out I will tell the proper authorities what you have done and how loyal you have been."

"That is very kind of you, *mon* Lieutenant Ghost," said Jules; "but I do not see how—"

"You aren't to worry about your pay. I will see you get it all, and more besides. You have done a fine thing."

"It was nothing. Nothing at all. But I am very lonesome here, and if you could arrange to visit me again, I would appreciate it. It is pleasant to have some one to talk to, even a ghost."

"I am quite sure," said the ghost, each word cold and distinct, "that I will come back here. Yes, I will come back."

He looked at the clock again, and it was twenty of the hour, and they heard the rumble of a truck, or a lorry, or an ambulance, out on the road, and heard the grinding of its gears as it slowed to turn through the narrow gates. The lieutenant took a step and was at the window, tensed. "Blue blackout lights!" he said. "That'll be an army car! But he wasn't to come here! He was to meet me at the crossroads!"

"If he was not to come here, then it is not him," Jules said. "Mme. Dupuy is a most reliable woman. She is not one to let something go amiss."

The truck was halfway to the cottage. "You're right!" whispered the ghost. "That's no ambulance! That's an open troop lorry!"

He turned from the window, and put his hands on Jules' shoulders. "Listen, Jules!" he said. "Listen as you never have before, and remember what I tell you. You are a soldier again, Jules, and these are orders."

"I will do my best."

"I am going to vanish. I am going to disappear. I am going out through the kitchen window, and crawl to the memorial, and run around the back of it, and then cut across the cemetery to the road." He glanced at the clock. "The ambulance won't be at the crossroads for eighteen minutes. You've got to keep them—those in the troop lorry—here. You must occupy them. Do you understand?"

"I understand."

"If they go out searching and see me, or see the ambulance, then it is all up for both of us. In these clothes they will certainly shoot me as a spy, and they will shoot you for harboring a spy."

"That is apparent," Jules agreed.

"So you will occupy them?"

The weight of the responsibility, and of all he had to remember, little of which he rightly understood, bowed Jules' shoulders. But he nodded and said, "I will do my best."

"Good-by, Jules."

"Good-by, M. le Lieutenant Ghost."

☆ THE lorry's tires grated on the gravel at the cottage door, and Jules heard the kitchen window go up and the soft thud of feet hitting the earth outside. Knuckles thundered on his door. He opened it and stepped back.

There were eight of them. There were Captain Hoeller and Corporal Müller, whom Jules had seen in Montfaucon, and there were six others. It was apparent that the matter was serious, because the captain had his pistol in his hand and two of the others carried the evil-looking submachine guns. It was also apparent that this squad was well trained for its job, for without orders three men ran up the stairs to the attic, one tugging a grenade from his boot. Corporal Müller and another began to explore each room thoroughly.

The captain pushed Jules into a chair. Then he lit a cigarette and said, in his excellent French, "I hear that you have a ghost out here, old one—a ghost with American money."

Jules knew there was no use to lie, because he had told all of Montfaucon about his ghost. "That is quite correct," he said.

"Where is he?" the captain asked.

"He vanished," said Jules. It was a matter-of-fact statement.

"In which direction?"

"In no direction. He merely vanished."

The captain began to swear, long German swear words. Corporal Müller came into the parlor. "Two beds have been slept in," he said. "Had we not best search the memorial and the grounds?"

A sense of danger shook Jules. They must not search the grounds, not yet. "I can tell you the name of the ghost," he volunteered, "and describe him."

"Do so," commanded the captain, "quickly!"

"He was an American ghost, very tall, and his name was Lieutenant Hank Pickens."

"You're sure he wasn't English?"

Jules looked at the clock. It was seven minutes before midnight. The ghost would be past the memorial by

now. "If you care to go to the memorial," he suggested, "I can show you the name of Pickens graven on the wall with those of the other brave American dead."

"That's not necessary."

The corporal stirred uneasily. "Captain," he said, "the back window in the kitchen is open, and I have a feeling that this old lunatic is delaying us."

"I'll give the orders," Captain Hoeller snapped. "Quickly we will search the memorial and then the grounds, and then post guards at each gate and drive to Romagne to order an alarm from the post there."

Jules forced his tired brain to consider the possibilities. If the soldiers were stationed at the gates immediately, they would surely see the ambulance, if they did not intercept the ghost himself. He must delay them, if only for a few minutes more. Four minutes.

He rose from his chair, his eyes bright with his idea. "If you will come with me," he said, "I will indeed prove to you that he was a ghost. I will show you his shroud. I hid it in the well bucket, as he directed."

The captain grabbed him by the shoulder, and they hustled him outside. Once Jules fell to his knees as they pushed him along toward the well, back of the cottage. He was slow in cranking up the bucket. "It is tedious," he said, "and I am not very strong."

The bucket reached the top, and the captain snatched the bundled silk and quickly unrolled it on the ground, swearing again. He unrolled it until he found three large black letters stenciled on the cloth. They were "R. A. F."

Corporal Müller lifted a whistle to his lips and blew it sharply three times. And Jules felt a blow on his face and fell to the ground and lay panting there. It did not matter how much they blew the whistle now, or how much they searched, for it was past midnight, and the ambulance had certainly reached the crossroads and departed.

They executed Jules on the same day that the news tickers carried a sentence saying that Lieutenant Henry H. Pickens, United States Army Air Corps, whose death while flying in a British bomber had been announced, had turned up, alive, in unoccupied France. Admiral Leahy was conducting negotiations with the Vichy government for his return to America.

They stood Jules against the pocket limestone wall back of the post office of Montfaucon. Jules looked into the barrels of six rifles and heard Captain Hoeller giving the orders. Then there was a crash, and for a moment he saw the poilus marching back along the road from Reims, singing their battle sŏngs, a bright light glancing off their long bayonets. Only, this time they seemed closer and clearer than ever before.

THE END

VOX POP—Continued from Page 4

Is Damfoolishness. He proves it is in its refinements. For that public service I suggest that he be given as many Congressional Medals as he can use.

A New Deal in Grammar will garner votes. A lady friend of mine says she cannot read or hear further if a preposition ends a sentence. And we thought that slavery in this America had disappeared!—*Will J. French.*

TAMPA, FLA.

Dr. Charles Earle Funk,
Your writings are bunk.
—*John Harvey.*

POTT SHOT AT MR. DOOLEY

VENTURA, CALIF.—Tell your Football Editor, Eddie Dooley, to learn how to play the game before he tries to tell football players how to play it.—*Omar Potts.*

It's a little late for that. Mr. Dooley learned to play long ago, was a Dartmouth star and All-America quarterback in 1924, and is one of America's foremost authorities on the game.—VOX POP ED.

HOW TO CATCH UP WITH A LIBERTY COVER

MOUNT MORRIS, ILL.—We thought you might be interested in seeing this snapshot which is sort of a replica of Liberty's cover of December 10, 1938. This was before our daughter, Sylvia Dawn, was born, and when the magazine arrived my husband looked at the cover and said, "That's the way I'll look two years from now." So in due time this picture was taken and this is how he looked. Don't you think it's a pretty good copy?—*Mrs. Grover Thomas.*

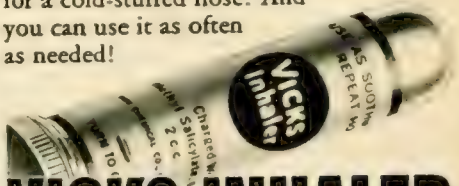
OH, YEAH? DEPARTMENT

WOODLAND HILLS, CALIF.—I do like Fulton Oursler's Last Word, but
This Man to Man
By Gerald McCann
And Girl Meets Girl by Schinasi—
Such drivel drop!
Give space to Vox Pop,
And ship those two to Bengasi.
—*Mrs. H. Berkeley.*

When Nose Stuffs Up With a Cold

Any Time . . . Any Place . . .

Get greater breathing comfort—quick—with the new, handy Vicks Inhaler. It's packed with effective medication. Grand for a cold-stuffed nose! And you can use it as often as needed!



VICKS INHALER

CHILDREN'S COLDS

To relieve miseries—rub Vicks VapoRub thoroughly on throat, chest, back and let its time-tested poultice-vapor action go to work!

VICKS VAPORUB

Give Your Lazy Liver This Gentle "Nudge"

Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice To Relieve CONSTIPATION!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely *every day* into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So stir up your liver bile secretion and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

STOP Scratching

Relieve Itch Fast

Relieve itching of eczema, pimples, rashes, athlete's foot and other skin troubles. Use cooling antiseptic **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Stops itching quickly. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D. D. D. Prescription.**

HIT AND MISS

BY JOHN MAKEPEACE

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

☆ "SPEAK, hands, for me!" said Casca.

The men surged up around Caesar. Daggers flashed. Caesar staggered, turned toward Brutus, but said nothing. Brutus hesitated, then he too stabbed. Caesar fell, face down.

"Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets," shouted Cinna.

The scene ran nine minutes longer. The conspirators left the stage. Antony made his final speech to the prone Caesar. And the curtain fell. The conspirators tossed their daggers into the property box in the wings and crossed over to become members of the mob assembling to hear Brutus speak. The manager put his finger on the button to signal for the curtain.

But Caesar didn't get up.

The manager stepped forward, leaned over, and poked the limp form. "Come on, Kurt," he said, "get up!"

Then he jumped back and screamed.

When they lifted Kurt up, they saw the pool of blood in which he had been lying for nine minutes. He was stone-dead.

"God!" said Halliday.

"Yes, Halliday," said little old man Ross. "God—or His instrument!"

For a minute Halliday didn't get it. Then he flared. "Look here, Ross, you can't— Don't be an idiot, man!"

"I didn't say anything," Ross said coolly. "Only Kurt's dead—and you'll play the part tomorrow."

"Maybe," interjected Jordan—"maybe the police will have something to say about that!"

"The police!" Halliday whirled. Through the doorway offstage a man in a blue uniform was coming on the run. Squarely before him was the property box with the daggers. While the manager was out front sending home the audience, the actors and the stage crew stood about the policeman, looking down at seven daggers. Every blade was clean and shining.

Then the detectives were there. "I don't suppose it will do any good, but stick your fingers here—this black stuff," the sergeant directed each of the conspirators in turn. "Now here. O. K. Wait till you're called."

The detectives and the policeman went inside.

Then the policeman reappeared. "Halliday!" he said. "Inside."

☆ IT was working out just as he had figured it, Ross thought. They had a clean-cut case against Halliday. That smart young man thought he was an actor. Well, he would play his biggest scene in the electric chair. Everybody knew how furious he was when Kurt got the part of Caesar and he got only Cinna, and was made understudy to Kurt. Now they'd hang the murder on him and they'd both be out of his way, Ross thought.

He didn't know which he hated more—Halliday or Kurt. These young pups, big, brawny, self-assured. Successful. But they didn't have one tenth Ross's skill. Today skill wasn't important any more, though. A handsome face. A slender leg. Something in a tight-fitting jerkin for women to flutter over. And when it came to Kurt playing unwed Romeo to his own daughter, Ross knew how to handle things. He wished he could have told it to Kurt as the blade, sharpened to a razor edge, slipped between his ribs.

They were all puzzled when Kurt didn't speak his last line—"Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Caesar!"—but he fell on his face and the scene went on. It went on nine more minutes, and Ross, stepping off with the other conspirators, had more time than he had counted on to wipe his blade clean and drop it into the property box with the others. The sergeant was right, he thought; he'd find no damning fingerprints; and Ross had had time also to stuff the handkerchief into the hole he'd made in the big steampipe behind the set. They wouldn't find that hole until it came time to turn the heat on again next fall; by then he'd have the bloody rag out and disposed of. There wasn't a hitch to it.

"They're keeping Halliday a long time," said Jordan.

"I would myself," nodded Ross.

"Damned clever," Jordan said. "But how could he think he'd get away with it? We all knew he wanted Kurt's part."

"What I can't figure," said one of the mob from behind them, "is that it should mean so much to him. Playing a part, I mean."

The policeman stepped out of the inner office.

"Ross," he said, looking around.

Ross composed his face and stepped forward. Routine, no doubt, he thought.

"We'd like to check on a couple things," confirmed the policeman. "Maybe you can help us."

Ross stepped into the room. The policeman closed the door behind him and stood by it. Ross looked at the table. Beside it sat the sergeant and the other detective. Next to them stood Halliday, his face grave. On the table were the seven daggers.

"Mr. Ross, can you identify your dagger?" asked the sergeant politely. "It would narrow down the search."

"I doubt it," Ross replied, "but I can try." He looked over the blades. One of them was sharpened, scratched a little where it had been run across the stone. Ross didn't linger over it; he passed on and then came back down the row. "Anything to assist you, gentlemen," he said, "but—"

"Never mind that, then," the sergeant said quietly. "Why did you kill him?"

Ross smiled. "You needn't play your games with me, sergeant. But if I can help somehow—"

"This is no third degree," the sergeant said. "Put the cuffs on him, Clancy. We'll get the motive later."

He got up and turned to Ross. "You did *too* neat a job," he said, "when you wiped that blade. You wiped off all the fingerprints. But the other six fellows each left a set on his! Yours are the only ones missing. And the blank dagger is the one that's sharpened. This is one time the killer would have done better to be generous with his prints. All right, Clancy, take him in!"

THE END

THIS MAN'S ARMY

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

☆ ANSWERING Mrs. K. L. R.'s letter (November 22 Liberty) you asked, "What sign can a civilian make to show his regard and esteem for men in uniform?"

We take our hats off to the flag when it passes, we take our hats off while the national anthem is played; why not take our hats off to the troops?

S. C. S., Kissimmee, Fla.

Flocks of other suggestions have come in and some of them are: The V for Victory sign, made with the first and second fingers; "thumbs up"; an imitation of the military salute; clasping and shaking both hands above the head (as fighters do); handkerchief waving; standing at attention; placing right hand on heart; clasping hands over heart; etc., etc. Most popular are the V, and hand over heart, and handshaking over head. Let's have more.

Our great problem is stationery. It costs money—and every penny counts on twenty-one dollars a month, especially when you're trying to save enough to go home and see the folks when a furlough is available. Why don't Marines receive the U. S. O. stationery? The Army does. My folks gave to the U. S. O. just like Army families did. Then why don't we get the same consideration?

Pvt. R. C. N., U. S. M. C.,
Marine Barracks,
Parris Island, S. C.

As soon as I received your letter I got in touch with the U. S. O. headquarters in New York City and asked "how come?" They said that supplies of U. S. O. letter paper and envelopes would be rushed to Parris Island. Hope the supply has arrived and you feel better.

Charlotte, North Carolina, must be O. K., but I nominate Los Angeles, California, as the challenger for the title of "the world's best town for the soldier." Recently 10,000 men from our camp went there for a four days' stay, and the dinner and dance invitations outnumbered the soldiers about 3 to 1. The people of Los Angeles went to the bottom of their hearts and pockets to show us a good time. It was a week-end that the boys will never forget, and we say thanks again to the City of the Angels.

Sgt. W. T. H.,
Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif.

I have a great bundle of letters which I classify as "Salutes." Each one mentions a specific family, town, or city as "the world's best." If I were to list them all they'd read like a directory of the U. S. A. Altogether they constitute a tribute to the civilian population. But why not? That's as it should be.

Tonight I was talking to a bunch of soldiers from MacDill Field, and they wouldn't believe me when I told them that we of the Coast Guard had heard nothing of a $10 raise in pay, to say nothing of getting it. What's it all about, Sarge? I thought we were one of the first lines of defense.

W. B., U. S. C. G. C., Tampa.

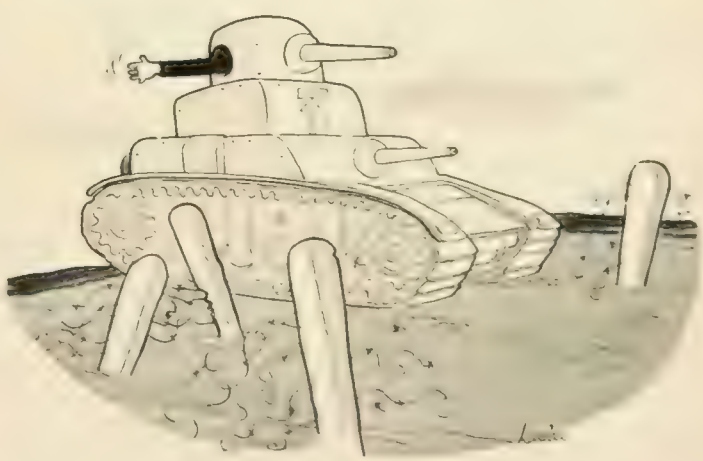
By the time you read this you'll probably know something that you didn't know when you wrote. Coast Guard enlisted men who had completed one year's service as of August 19, 1941, should have received $24 extra in their November pay, that being the cumulative bonus, at $10 a month, from the time the law became effective in August until October 31. You'll get the extra fin every month you're in service after the first twelve.

All kidding aside, Sarge, who are you? To all of us soldiers you're just "Old Sarge," but we'd like to know your real name, your age, your outfits, and where you're stationed now. Take off that mask, Sarge, and say hello.

Pfc. L., 29th Div.,
Fort George G. Meade, Md.

Well, son, I'd like to do just that, but I don't feel I should and here's why. Since this page started something over a year ago, I've been responsible only to my own conscience and the editor in chief of this magazine, who, instead of censoring any of my copy, has encouraged me to shoot the works and print anything I wanted to. Very few people know who I am. Those who don't know can't attempt to bring pressure on me and try to tell me what *they'd* like to see printed. Not that they'd succeed, but in times like these many people would want me to grind their private axes. As long as I remain anonymous I can do this job without interference and do it as *I* think it should be done, whether I'm right or wrong.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 122 East 42 St., New York.



WHY FEAR DRIVES THE JAPANESE

Continued from Page 17

of arms can preserve us from extinction."

Fear made them obedient—fear of the time when the United States or some other great power might seize on an opportunity to make Japan a colony. Fear made able statesmen approve military plans they knew to be foolhardy. They remembered the very large number of cabinet members who have been attacked by assassins merely because they opposed army plans. Fear made it impossible for any patriotic Japanese to come out in open support of a cause he believed to be just. There has never been a Japanese Patrick Henry.

Fear made the Emperor a rubber stamp who dared not refuse to put his vermilion seal on any project the war lords might bring to him. If he should start to assert the great powers he is supposed to possess, he would be one of the worst life-insurance risks in the world. Fear dominates the powerful army chiefs themselves. They fear the breakdown of the carefully manufactured public opinion that keeps them in power.

A new fear has been added as a result of the pact with Hitler. If he goes down to defeat, they must go down with him. But if his most ambitious dreams should be realized, could they trust him to remember an ally?

The warriors of the country—the professional soldiers—ruled it before the advent of Commodore Perry. Through the preceding centuries, the various feudal lords had held the loyalty of their subjects by fear of what would happen to them if defeated in battle by a rival lord. They didn't have to invent any imaginary terrors. Every Japanese was fully aware of the fate that befell a defeated warrior's supporters. The massacre of innocent Koreans in the streets of Tokyo and Yokohama in September of 1923 was as nothing compared to those slaughters of one Japanese clan or family by the retainers of another which are to be found throughout Japanese history.

It was only because of fear of the superior arms of the United States and other powers that the Japanese put their private brawls into the background and signed the treaties. Unity of the country and control by the military have been maintained by this fear.

It is, of course, artificially created. But it is real. Every foreigner in Japan is looked upon as a spy. I lived there only a few years, but I often reflect that I could very possibly buy a new car with the money the Japanese government has spent spying on me since that time. I was never more than a small-fry suspect and never distinguished by the personal attentions of the police. A great many foreigners have been thrown into jail, tortured, and then allowed to escape the country without so much as being brought to trial. Each one of these incidents has been used to demonstrate to the Japanese public the grave dangers from which they are protected by the army and the police. Indeed, there is good reason to believe that this was the only reason for many of the arrests.

The code of conduct and philosophy of life of the modern Japanese war lord was inherited directly from his sword-rattling and bloodthirsty samurai ancestors. It is coldly and calculatingly cruel. Its foundation is a belief that it is the destiny of the strong to destroy the weak. The war lords reject the chivalry of treaties designed to protect the weak, though they were themselves protected by such treaties when they were weak and defenseless. As soon as they grew strong they scrapped all treaties designed to protect others.

At the time of the earthquake the liberal peace-loving element in Japan had the upper hand and the war lords were smarting under loss of prestige and power. At the Washington Conference the Japanese government had agreed to withdraw troops from Shantung and Siberia. Naval limitations had been agreed upon. Plans for military conquest of the continent of Asia were halted. It appeared that a new era of peace had dawned on the Pacific, an era of mutual trust and friendliness. It was as a token of that new era that the American gunboats sailed so hurriedly from Cavite, that the relief ship was sent from Shanghai, and that Americans at home responded so generously to the call of the Red Cross.

Japan's military leaders were determined to thwart this growth of friendship. Soon after the American gunboats landed at Yokohama a second relief ship flying the Chinese flag put into the port of Kobe, where a large number of the more dangerously wounded had been removed. As a member of the executive committee of the American Red Cross in China I had had a good deal to do with organizing this relief work. The ship itself was provided by the Chinese Red Cross and it was packed with all the medical, hospital, and food supplies we could find in Shanghai.

We had also secured the services of every available American doctor and nurse. The hospitals of Kobe were crowded and many hotels and private houses were full of wounded. Even the perfumed quarters of the geishas had been requisitioned for the sick. Many of the wounded died of neglect.

This neglect was not entirely unavoidable. Not one of the American doctors or nurses was allowed to help. They could not appear on the streets wearing Red Cross insignia. No guns had been trained on our ship, but the Japanese army was suspicious. They were afraid of espionage because some of the wounded were in military hospitals. Their country was prostrate and helpless and they expected a stab in the back. They thought the little group of doctors and nurses might be the first of a series of invaders. Perhaps after these were established we might land marines and then soldiers. It was by subterfuges similar to this that Japan had gained a toe hold in Korea.

☆ ASIDE from these fears, it was necessary, in the eyes of the war lords, that nothing be done to alter the picture they had presented of a rapacious and designing United States. American doctors and nurses going their rounds of mercy would destroy that picture. They returned to Shanghai without having seen a single wounded Japanese. President Coolidge and the executives of the American Red Cross received the official thanks of the Japanese government. A few medals and decorations were handed out.

But the Japanese people were never told how generously the American people had offered help in their hour of distress.

That was not the first or the last attempt to prove our friendship to the Japanese people that the Japanese war lords have totally sabotaged. No one has been more unselfish in service to Japan than the American missionaries who established and maintained schools and hospitals. Yet for years they have been hounded as spies and interfered with by petty officials. Even the Salvation Army was compelled to change its name and get rid of all foreigners. The Japanese thought it was some kind of subversive military organization.

With this specter of fear constantly before him, the most peacefully inclined Japanese gave fanatical support to the aggressions of the war lords. He believes that every war has been fought for defense—even the long-drawn-out China affair. He was convinced in 1937 that if the army had not acted the country would have been engulfed by Communism. The fact that he had only a hazy idea of what Communism means did not lessen his terror.

THE END

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

GENESEE FEVER, by Carl Carmer.

In his first try at a novel the author of the hit, Stars Fell on Alabama, shows himself to be very much at ease and highly entertaining. His story follows the adventures of hot-blooded young Nate Hart, wagon painter and budding portrait artist, who in 1793 fled Hamilton's persecution of Pennsylvania's "Whiskey Rebels." How he made a place for himself in the rich and violently colorful regions of western New York, then the greatest realty development in the new country, will keep you turning. It has most of the virtues and few of the faults of a historical novel. (Farrar & Rinehart.)

MISSISSIPPI BELLE—Continued from Page 23

them with mixed emotions. The little darky had demanded a nickel for that shine. The editor had made him settle for a month's subscription to the Appeal. The editor's conscience troubled him. He applied himself to a bottle of Monongahela whisky. Out back the hand press rumbled. Whisson, the tramp printer who had been with the Appeal mighty near two weeks now—Whisson must have caught some one to turn the press. . . . Presently the editor heaved himself around and saw a big red-headed young man scratching busily with one of these newfangled steel pens.

"Hell!" said the editor. "You ain't my regular reporter." He simply stated it as a fact.

"What makes you think I'm not?" Dan Bedford was preoccupied and pleasant.

"My regular reporter's got delirium tremens."

"He left for Texas today," Dan explained between pen scratches. "I'm him now."

"Oh!" The editor sat back, surveying this new arrangement judgmatically. He took a thoughtful suck at the bottle, then swedged himself out of his chair, went over, and picked up a sheet of Dan's copy. "Boy, you got 'scoundrelly' three times in a half column! You got to do better'n that, do we aim to lick them Whigs. Here!" He waddled over to his desk and threw Dan a Roget's Thesaurus. "Look 'em up." He went back and swedged himself back into his chair. After a while he said, "What you aim to do, anyhow, son?"

"Right now I'm writing a notice that I'm a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Assembly."

The editor turned around. "Yo' Dan Bedford, ain't you? Well, the laws and statutes, made an' provided, will protect you, up to a point. . . . That's a paid notice, by the way—well, half price to our crowd." He took a long swallow. "And what next?"

"I'll get a darky in to sweep the filth off this floor."

The editor was on his feet. "Boy, you leave them filth be! You'll never make a newspaperman! Don't you have sense enough to know that that's our files?"

☆ THE winter passed quickly and quietly in the little house on Pontotoc Street. For a time Caitlin was busy hanging curtains and pictures and putting things in shape for the great day when James should at last come home for his holidays.

People who knew Dan Bedford would have been startled at the aptitude for domesticity that he had developed, and many a man who had seen him go in with a knife at close quarters on a bear hunt would have stared to see him on a stepladder while Caitlin stood off, saying, "Just a little higher, I think. . . . No, it was better the way it was."

Dan didn't exactly advertise these calls, but in a small place things like that get about fast. It wasn't long before Madam Bedford heard about it.

Madam Bedford did not make the mistake of speaking to Dan on one of his infrequent trips to the plantation. She ordered her carriage and drove in to Memphis to call on Mrs. Preswald. It was proper and neighborly to pay a call on a lady who had recently come into the community.

Madam Bedford's carriage stopped in front of the quiet house on Pontotoc Street.

Can Caitlin remain Mrs. Preswald, the lovely little widow who knows nothing of Kate Ryan of the demimonde of New Orleans? Or will Bruce Norris or some other habitué of Blake's turn up and tear off her mask of respectability? Dramatic events crowd the coming chapter—in Liberty next week.

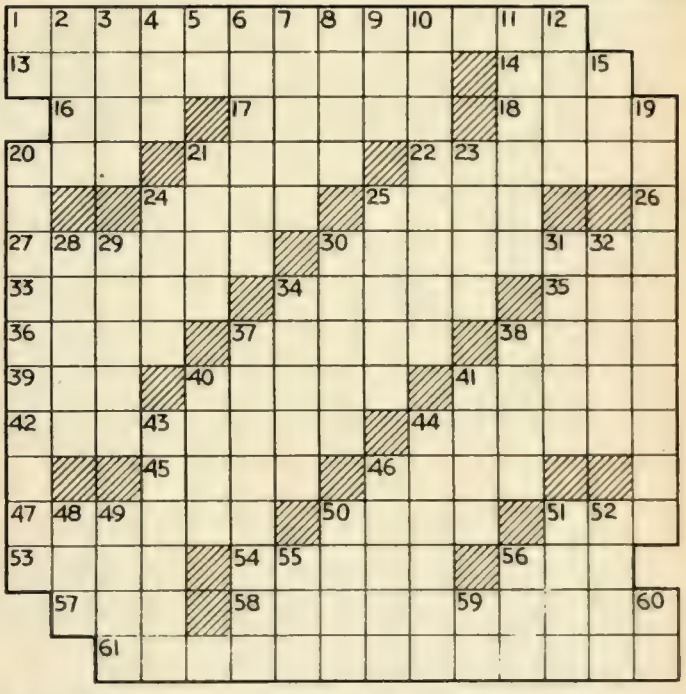
Cockeyed Crosswords by Ted Shane

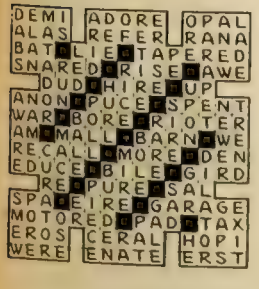
HORIZONTAL

1 Armored cow (two words)
13 Appian Parkway cowboy
14 What I wish the war were (abbr.)
16 Intellectual clinging vine
17 What the Cotton King's dough comes in
18 Cow cut off in its youth
20 Without the o it's I
21 Peat's Eire-ish whereabouts (pl.)
22 Kick its fore part, step on its latter, but it only mean Jap still worship ancestor plees!
24 Help, help, help!
25 This contains a man or woman
26 The cry of the frustrated dictator
27 Swivel-chinned
30 A caviar's mama
33 What bad men get full of for not listening to the Lone Ranger
34 Why, after getting one, are you asked if you want one?
35 No-man's disease
36 Ibidoid wader (Do, I dode hab a code id de head, you're jud geddig de bird)
37 What it takes to make good with a guitar
38 Mechanized cow
39 It has a red network all over the country and partial control of the air
40 Clink (past tense)
41 This is always worth a couple of bucks even if it upsets a lot of people
42 After a falling out at dinner, it found itself in the soup at Cherman Cheneral Headquarters
44 Cut the hair, according to Intellectual Ida
45 What the dotted Swiss broke out in
46 Turkey harem keepers
47 Kind of thing that comes with a rush
50 A little lamb, bony perhaps, but so sweet in its little lace panties
51 Has been
53 Little Anna and
54 Big Dope
56 What women handle before meals and do at tea
57 Blusterwagon (a pushover for you motorists)
58 They blast before their very noses, causing ear-splitting noises and a rush of wind
61 Pertaining to the most shocking recording machine on this earth (I tremble to think of it)

VERTICAL

1 Si si (abbr.)
2 Beautiful river of song
3 Beheaded knave
4 Fellow of little spirit, believes America Should Thirst, doesn't want to dish it out or take it
5 Emphatic Imbeciles (abbr.)
6 What the floating head on the river sang he ain't got
7 Men that prey on your women and never bring their own
8 They're usually pickled to the gills and narrow in a twisted way
9 Miller's flower
10 She has a fur coat and is married to a skunk (yes, it makes scents!) (two words)
11 Kind of embrace wrestlers meet in during collusions
12 What one-cent razor blades aren't about shaving
15 The punk of tomorrow
19 Kenya Klassy Kut Klothes
20 Chicago atomizer (two words)
21 Hardest thing to get in a horse's head (pl.)
23 Kind of education labor gets
24 The sweetsop, or a lot of infatuated goddesses
25 Fetching thing about pooches
28 Horse we start riding, often end in being ridden by
29 Carroll's cutie
30 What the wise partygoer doth to the onion and the tenth drink
31 Beethoven's favorite exercise
32 Turbine nursemaid
34 What razor-factory employees won't stand for in salary
37 Airplanes, nondentable car bodies, hairbrushes, belts, and other coal products
38 Clips the veronicalakes
40 A bunch of Mcs
41 Ye younge runaround
43 Easiest thing to pick up around garages
44 He yells his head off when people run into each other and crash to the ground
46 This is binding
48 Kid or woman
49 As far as the jungle's concerned: No - - - - is good - - - -!
50 Popular nitespot (the last time I saw Paris!)
51 What the Italian women do for the Black Shirts Monday
52 Would you say your mother's sister in your slacks was your this in your panti?
55 Way the Dominions begin and the Kingdom ends
56 Eyeful marvelous when I see one
59 Baby tanks
60 Los Angeles Noodle Factory (abbr.)





Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

IN DARKEST HARLEM

Reds and rent racketeers, bright lights and murder—Is there hope for Harlem?

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

A CLOSE-UP OF "THE WORLD'S MOST WICKED CITY"

BY HELEN WORDEN AND EDWARD DOHERTY

☆ "A BROOKLYN white man who apparently came to Harlem's 'good-time area' for 'a little fun,' was slugged and beaten to death early Sunday during an attack in which he was also robbed."

That paragraph is from a recent issue of the New York Amsterdam News, Harlem's newsiest newspaper. Before you begin to seethe with indignation, remember that white men don't come into Negro Harlem to investigate social conditions or to help the wretched poor—not when they come on a Saturday night or early Sunday morning.

They come to pick up a Negro woman if they can; and desperate, hungry Negro men regard them as fair game.

But white men sometimes come to a Negro colony in numbers, as is told in a front-page story in the same issue of the Amsterdam News.

"Several groups of strong-arm squads composed of white men and many members of the Nassau County police force," says this story, struck "with fiendish fury" at the Negro center of Inwood, Long Island. They were "ostensibly" seeking the slayer of a policeman.

"The homes of colored residents were recklessly invaded, furniture smashed, women beaten and men slugged," says the paper. Tet Parks, who fought for the United States in the war with Germany, "was beaten into unconsciousness" when he denied any knowledge of the murder. "The police beat him over the head with blackjacks and threatened to lynch him," the reporter declares. He adds that these officers of the law also threatened to harm Mrs. Parks and a ten-year-old girl, and that they smashed the furniture in the house and dared their victims not to like it. Three pictures show some of the damage done.

The newspaper didn't play up this story unduly. It published it as front-page stuff but "under the fold." Its banner headlines called attention to

PIX PHOTO

Not all sightseers go into Harlem to investigate social conditions—not on Saturday nights.

the fact that 36,000 Negroes were to be called in the first draft, and to the fact that a convention of sleeping-car porters had "rapped Communism"—two facts indicating that, in spite of all the lynchings, the prejudice, the discrimination, and the tyranny to which American Negroes have been and are subjected, the typical colored man is an American patriot.

In our investigation we confirmed the statement that at least 70 per cent of the residents of Harlem are on relief or working on WPA projects. We found some of the reliefers in a tenement on West 145th Street that had toilets in the kitchens. Other tenements had toilets in the halls. We found nearly all the old tenements dangerously overcrowded—in some, three families sharing two bedrooms and a kitchen.

We could believe the statement of the Mayor's Committee on City Planning that Harlem, less than one sixteenth of the area of the Borough of Manhattan, contains more than one tenth of the total population. The evidence was before us everywhere.

There are 1,100 amusement places in Harlem. Some few are exclusively for white men and women. Some are exclusively for Negroes. There are hundreds of beauty parlors and churches. The Abyssinian Baptist Church, the largest and richest in Harlem, has over 13,600 communicant members, though Father Divine—through his Heavens, his Peace Missions, his cheap restaurants and lodginghouses, his shoeshine parlors, laundries, dress shops, barber shops, grocery and fruit stands, and other projects—is more widely known than any other clergyman or any church in the district. He boasts that no true follower of his is on relief, and that he has "saved the City of New York twenty million dollars since 1932."

The overwhelming majority of Harlemites are Christians. There are many Communists, especially among the intellectual groups.

"Why are you a Communist?" we asked a famous Negro writer.

"Because I am a Negro," was his only answer.

Another told us this: "Yes, I'm a Communist. Yes, I know that if we have Communism here we'll have hell on earth. But what of it? The Negro is in hell now. His history in the United States has been the history of a living hell. I'm for Communism so we can share this hell with our white brother. And if it makes of him as fine a character as it makes of the average Negro, then it will be good for him—for his soul if not for his body."

W. R. Cochrane of the Harlem Y. M. C. A., who comes in contact with hundreds of thousands of colored people during the year, is mildly alarmed at the spread of Communism. "We Negroes," he told us, "are essentially a God-loving people. Religion has been our great solace and comfort. But lately some of our young people have left the churches because they feel that religion has been a bad influence on members of their race, in that it has made them submissive, humble. These are the rebels who embrace Communism in the belief that they are working for the brotherhood of man, that they may some day help to create a real democracy not only in America but throughout the world. So long as Negroes are treated as they are, these young people believe, there can be no democracy except through Communism."

It is principally among the intellectuals that Communism finds converts; and there are numerous intellectuals in black Harlem—writers, artists, sculptors, teachers, librarians, dramatists, and scholars, thousands of men and women with college degrees, dozens of doctors of philosophy and masters of arts.

Ask Mayor LaGuardia if you doubt us. "I'm proud of our New York Negroes," he says. "They are brilliant people. Brilliant! Their work in our high schools is astonishing. And when they go to colleges—when they are permitted to go to colleges—they cover themselves with glory. I've appointed many Negroes to various positions under civil service. I don't appoint

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Juvenile Harlem in a "Health Day" parade sponsored by Police Athletic League and WPA.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

A typical block, its sidewalk overcrowded—cheerful though the kids seem in the sunshine.

them because they are colored. I appoint them solely on their merits. Have you met Lieutenant Battles of the Police Department? A great cop. Have you met Hubert Delany? I made him a deputy tax commissioner. I couldn't do anything else, looking at his examination papers. He sits in judgment on property values in the richest city in the world. And he's one of the best we ever had in that position."

It is ironic that Hubert Delany should hold the position he does. He is more or less a menace to the rent racketeers of Harlem—the people responsible for most of the misery of Negroes there, and for much of the crime they commit. Let us explain.

There are from 250,000 to 300,000 Negroes in Harlem. They occupy 203 city blocks. They are supposed to live there and no place else. That is, the white neighbors of black Harlem want them to live there and not to move outside. But thousands and thousands of Negroes come up from the South every year to obtain better schooling, better jobs, better relief, the ballot. And Harlem must expand. It can hold no more Negroes. So it does expand. At present it has crossed 155th Street, which was supposed to be its ultimate northern boundary, and has crept up St. Nicholas Avenue beyond 160th street.

How was this managed? By the rent racketeers.

These racketeers act subtly and with crafty psychology. They have a white man buy or lease an apartment on a "solid white" block. They have this man lease the property to a Negro. Within a few weeks all the white families on that block move out. Some of them break their leases, some make a settlement with their landlords. Those who own the property get rid of it at a profit or turn it over to agents with assurance of greater income and less expense.

☆ THE racketeers buy or lease all the property at their own figures. Then they put Negro tenants in. But they jack up the rents first. The Negroes always pay a lot more for their flats than the white tenants did. Sometimes they pay twice as much. They have to. Yet they are glad to pay—because now they can move from the old firetraps, from the damp floors, the rickety stairways, the dimly lit halls, the leaky roofs, the bedbugs and roaches and rats.

The racketeers have bought cheap and sold dear. They have made enormous profits. And they will have no overhead, because for years to come they will not make a single improvement in any of these houses. However the new tenants may complain, they can't make the landlords spend a penny for improvements. They have to live where they are—so long as they can pay their rents. Where else can they go? How can they break the restrictive covenants that bar Negroes from vast residential areas?

But there's still more money to be made. The racketeers go to the assessor's office and demand a reduction in the taxes on the property. "It's deteriorated now," they explain glibly. "It's occupied entirely by Negroes, and it isn't worth a hoot. You've simply got to lower our assessments."

And then? Then they meet Delany! And he says to them, politely, something like this:

"Your property has deteriorated, I'll admit. You've done nothing to improve it. You've made no repairs. You've neglected it. But, gentlemen, the property has not depreciated in value. On the contrary, you are making 60 per cent more money out of it than its former owners made. So we'll have to increase the assessment and raise your taxes."

The irony of it! The acid, comic irony! The landlords who have gouged the poor are forced to pay a fair tax to the City of New York.

☆ WALTER WHITE, eminent author, educator, statesman, one of the leaders of his people, lives in an apartment building on Sugar Hill, so called. "An insurance company owns this building," he told us. "It erected it for white tenants, but in its best days could rent only 35 per cent of its rooms. Now, with an exclusive Negro tenantry, the building is 100 per cent occupied. And the rents have been almost doubled. But have there been any improvements? I haven't noticed any."

Mr. Delany, who was with us that evening in Mr. White's home, added that Negroes now own more than $5,000,000 worth of real estate in Harlem, and have had to pay 20 per cent down.

"Most of them, of course," he said, "mortgaged the property or assumed mortgages. And most of them, of course, will lose the property eventually. They can't keep up their payments in bad times—and these are bad times for more than 90 per cent of our people. They cannot even keep on paying interest on the mortgage. But the financiers aren't worried. That property will be sold again, and at higher prices. It will be sold many times—and the only people who will suffer are the buyers."

Father John LaFarge, associate editor of America, a Catholic magazine, worker in the Harlem vineyard and one of the white men colored people love, says the white landlords are to blame for this exploitation of poor colored families. But A. Philip Randolph, colored president of the International Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, doesn't quite agree.

"The Negro landlords," says Mr. Randolph, "are even more to blame than their white brothers, for they know—better than the white man can know—what hardships colored families bear, what sacrifices they make, what infamies they endure, what tears and blood they shed, in order to pay the rents demanded; in order to keep the wretched rooms they call their homes. Men in Harlem commit murder sometimes to get money for the rent. Rent, maybe, for two or three unpainted, unpapered, unheated, and unsanitary rooms on the top floor of a five-story walk-up. Men commit murder and women sell their bodies."

But Mr. Randolph didn't want to talk about landlords or rents.

"This is an old story," he said. "The Irish suffered from absentee landlordism even as we suffer now. Perhaps many other persecuted peoples have suffered so. If you want to write about Harlem, why don't you write about Harlem Hospital? And about Negro doctors? Do you know that we have many Negro doctors? Do you know that most of them are superb physicians and surgeons? But do you know they are not allowed to enter many so-called white hospitals to serve humanity? You should investigate Harlem Hospital if you want to write the truth about Harlem."

We visited Harlem Hospital several times. We were kindly treated but were told by those in charge that "the commissioner wouldn't like it" if they answered any of our questions. So we talked to many people about the hospital. Some praised it. One or two called it "a slaughterhouse."

We had a grand time in Harlem. We met nice people, as nice as you'll find anywhere in the world. They took us into their homes. They gave parties for us. They took us to dinner and to luncheons in the Y. M. C. A. They introduced us to their friends. We met such interesting people as Langston Hughes and Richard Wright and Ellen Tarry and Walter White and other authors. We met newspapermen, lawyers, doctors, politicians. We met most everybody of importance in the community. We were shown the Arthur A. Schomburg collection in the Public Library at 135th Street and Lenox Avenue. We were invited to lectures and plays and churches and schools. And all the time we felt we were visiting our own kind of people.

☆ AND then we visited the courts and didn't have so grand a time. Abraham Poretz, prosecuting attorney in the Felony Court, told us that a disproportionate number of the 10,000 cases that pass every year through his court are those of colored men and women. He lists assault and battery as a misdemeanor. He couldn't handle all the cases otherwise. There would be "too much congestion." This court, of course, is in an almost solidly Negro district.

While we were talking to him a colored girl entered the complaint room. She had had one eye gouged out, and she demanded that a man be arrested for it. This complaint was one of the "misdemeanors."

We listened to a few cases in the courtroom. Two Negro boys pleaded guilty to robbing a man in the Ninety-sixth Street subway station. They had taken three dollars from him. One of the prisoners said he had no home, just slept in the basement of a house on 132d Street. The other had no home at all. Neither had a job.

Both were sentenced to thirty days.

"No judge likes to sentence a boy to a reform school or any sort of penal institution, especially if he be a first offender," Walter White told us "He paroles him, if he can, or sends him to some mild disciplinary institution. But there are no such institutions for Negroes. They have to go to a prison of some kind. There's no place else to send them."

Here's a boy who looks to be twelve or thirteen. He's so small the man on the bench has to lean down to see him. Listen:

"Yes, sir, your Honor. I is guilty. I done stole the pocketbook. But she was such a fat woman, your Honor, I couldn't help it. I was standing there on the corner, and I was saying to myself, 'Man, does you eat or does you not eat?' And then her car stopped and I seen the pocketbook. And I said to myself, I said, 'Man, man, that lady never missed a meal in her whole life. She's so fat she could miss a whole day's meals and never feel it.' So, your Honor, I stole the pocketbook and I run. But the cop done caught me. Bet you if I'd had something inside of me, though, your Honor, that cop'd never even got near me."

The complainant, a huge woman, wept and refused to prosecute. Case dismissed.

☆ EACH case that comes into the Felony Court costs the city on an average, $100. So black Harlem costs the city a sizable fraction of a million dollars a year in the Felony Court alone—much of it paid back in fines, of course. But that's only part of the price of crime in "the wickedest city in the world."

Much is being done to abate crime in Harlem. The Y. M. C. A., the Urban League under James H. Hubert, the New York Manual Training School under its white superintendent, Dr. Sidney Lake, and other agencies are doing all in their power to take care of Harlem citizens, to train them for jobs and to get jobs for them.

But it is impossible to get jobs for all, even for those best qualified. We know of a girl who succeeded, after years of study, in obtaining her college degree. The only job she could get was that of an assistant in a woman's lavatory in mid-Manhattan.

It is sometimes impossible to get even a minor job for a Negro, no matter how capable he may be. So many concerns draw the color line. The case of Emanuel A. Romero of 351 West 120th Street, one of the oldest colored residents of Harlem, is typical.

"I come from Jamaica," he said. "There I was an attaché in the American consular office. I was an expert stenographer. I came to New York because I had heard so much about it. I applied to a firm that had advertised for a man. I was given a test and told to report on the following day. When I reported I was told I had passed the test. I was at the head of the list. I was rated 100 per cent efficient. But I was a colored man and they couldn't use me.

"That was the first time I'd ever heard of race discrimination. Fortunately I got another job. It paid only six dollars a week, but I've held it for many years and now it pays me well."

Even if it really is the wickedest city in the world, Harlem is more sinned against than sinning. Its people are shut up as if in a ghetto; they are exploited and gouged, kept in misery and want and desperation and hopelessness, made aliens in their own country. They are abased and oppressed and cheated. Their woes cry out for justice.

They are cheated in many ways. Here are two: Agents in the South, and certain people in New York, work together. The agents round up numbers of girls, assuring them that if they can only get to New York they will be given work as maids at thirty dollars a month. Of course they'll have to give the agent one month's salary. The girls come to New York. They get the promised jobs. They give up their first month's pay. And then they are fired. The families who hired them get a cut from the agent. Where do some of the girls go? To the streets.

And they are cheated by so-called respectable white women in the so-called slave markets of the Bronx. Scores and scores of wretched needy black women walk to these slave markets every day, or ride for miles on the subway. And there they stand, sometimes half a day, sometimes all day, waiting for the white women to come and bid for their services. Maybe they'll get only an hour's work. Maybe they'll get five hours.

But what pay will they get for that work? A dime an hour, or at most fifteen cents. These white women, who live in comparative luxury, drive hard bargains.

☆ WHAT is to be done for wicked Harlem? Mayor LaGuardia has done many things, but many more must be done. "The problem," he says, "is complicated by the fact that Negroes keep pouring in on us by the thousands—people for whom there are no rooms, no jobs, no charity of any kind. If we could stop this immigration for five years we could do miracles in Harlem. But we can't stop it."

Says Father LaFarge: "Let the leading citizens of Harlem and some of the leaders of the rest of New York get together, and some good ideas may be evolved. Otherwise nothing can be done. The Negro cannot lift himself up by his bootstraps. He must have help.

"The white man cannot help without the Negro's permission. But intelligent willing men, working together, may accomplish great things.

"The City of New York cannot tolerate the conditions that exist in Harlem. Harlem is a plague spot, and unless the plague is ended it will contaminate the rest of the city. And then New York itself, and not just a tiny part of it, will become 'the wickedest city in the world.'"

THE END

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

EYES OVERWORKED? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away it starts to *cleanse* and *soothe*. You get—

QUICK RELIEF! Murine's 7 *extra* ingredients wash away irritation. Your eyes feel *refreshed*. Murine helps thousands—let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES · CLEANSES · REFRESHES

Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

See the WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER

© BACHRACH

FULTON OURSLER

THE LAST WORD:

THE SAGA OF MICKEY ROONEY

IN THE MIDST OF WAR A NATION'S MORALE is nourished by its entertainers. Life is not only conflict, blood and sweat and tears and death. Not all the fun must go out of life, even in the darkest hours. That is why our public entertainers are important today. Who is America's number one entertainer? On the radio it is Jack Benny; in the movies, Mickey Rooney. Next week Liberty begins the life story of this young hurricane of Hollywood, the number one box-office man of the United States. He is only twenty-one years old, yet twice he has been washed up as an entertainer. His is indeed a fantastic and amusing story told with humor and sympathy by Frederick Van Ryn. The editors of Liberty hope that you will enjoy this fast-moving biography of a fast-moving young man.

Indeed we hope that you are going to find interest and excitement, information and inspiration in all the articles and stories next week. Certainly you will get a thrill out of Hallett Abend's story of the strange secret confided to him by Admiral Nomura when that double-crossing Japanese came to this country to be its most hypocritical ambassador. Frederick L. Collins begins the story of The Battle of Detroit, the industrial war front where the victory over our enemies will first be won. Two superb short stories, Femme Fatale, by Helene Carpenter, and Dames Love the U. S. N., by Gordon Ramsey; a comic piece by Rags Raglund called Corn on the Gob!; a piece about the next heavyweight challenger by Jack Dempsey; Let's Play Gin Rummy, by Sidney S. Lenz; more about Stalin, by Emil Ludwig; and another generous installment of Mississippi Belle, the great serial by Clements Ripley, make up what we hope you will find to be a banner issue.

SALMAGUNDI:

Walter Karig had a beautiful letter the other day from the White House. It was written by Rear Admiral Ross T. McIntire, the President's physician, and it discussed Mr. Karig's article, Is the President a Well Man Today? which appeared in our December 13 issue. Wrote Dr. McIntire: "You have presented it in a fashion that gives the true picture as I see it, and will satisfy the average American citizen. When a good service like this is done, I feel sure that you will receive many such notes as this, but I did want you to know it is deeply appreciated at this end." . . . An amusing book called They Got Me Covered, by Bob Hope, kept me laughing the other night. It is published by the Pepsodent company and has an introduction by Bing Crosby, an autobiography done just as you would expect Bob Hope to do it, with a laugh in every other line. He also talks amusingly about the Pepsodent show. This book is good for an hour's laughing time. . . . From Helen Hedrick comes a copy of her new novel, The Blood Remembers, published by Knopf. On the flyleaf is an inscription which warms the heart of an aging editor: "To Fulton Oursler with my sincere appreciation for the encouragement he gave an unknown writer." . . . A Liberty reader writes as follows: "Enclosed please find check for $10. I listened to a news broadcast about Greece not long ago that moved me so deeply that I want to help them. The news item said that the Nazis had a campaign on foot to poison the minds of the Greeks against the British and the Americans. They blamed the British and the Americans for everything. But the Greeks didn't fall for it. They hid the Australian and English soldiers in their homes or in the hills, and took precious food out of their own mouths that these fugitive soldiers might eat. I can't let that kind of unselfishness and loyalty go without doing some little thing to put another potato in the soup; so will you send my check for $10 on its way." . . . Liberty cannot accept cash contributions in this way. We have returned the check to our reader with the suggestion that she send it to Greek War Relief, Attention Mr. William Crocker, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., and that's where other readers can send contributions, too, if they are as moved as this reader.

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday. FULTON OURSLER.

★ ★ ★ ★ **CONTENTS—JANUARY 10, 1942** ★ ★ ★ ★

EDITORIAL

This Is a War of Survival..... 9

SHORT STORIES

The Ghost of Montfaucon — Pat Frank 14

Peace Is Where the Heart Is — Winifred Halsted 32

Hit and Miss—Liberty's Short Short.....John Makepeace 46

SERIALS

Stalin: Devil or Genius?—Part I.....Emil Ludwig 10

Mississippi Belle—Part VI — Clements Ripley 18

ARTICLES

Girl Meets Girl — Bubbles Schinasi 6

Why Fear Drives the Japanese — Carl Crow 16

Why the Stars Laugh — compiled by Howard Sharpe 24

What Do You Remember About 1941?.....Ted Shane 26

Liberty's All-Players All-America Football Team for 1941.....Norman L. Sper 28

In Darkest Harlem — Helen Worden and Edward Doherty 50

FEATURES

This Man's Army.....Old Sarge 47

Vox Pop, 4; Pictures You Ought to See by Howard Barnes, 40; Crossword Puzzle, 49.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

~~15c~~ True Story

Now 10c

FOR THE FIRST TIME

30 SMASH STORIES AND FEATURES

- . . . Complete Book-Length True Novel
- . . . 3 True Novelettes, Complete
- . . . A Great New Serial Novel
- . . . 136 Gripping Pages of Romance, Thrills and Adventure

True Story 10c

Bigger and Better Than Ever

Now On Sale Everywhere
Buy Your Copy *Today*

"WE WANT CAMELS!"

GIVE ME CAMELS EVERY TIME. THEY'RE FIRST WITH THE MEN IN THE ARMY
IN THIS MAN'S NAVY IT'S CAMELS. WHAT FLAVOR!
WITH THE MARINES, CAMELS ARE THE FAVORITE

Actual Sales Records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Stores, Ship's Service Stores, and Canteens show the favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel

SEND THEM THE CIGARETTE THEY ASK FOR— SEND A CARTON OF CAMELS TODAY!

• *And to save you time and trouble*, your dealer now has Camel cartons specially wrapped and ready for mailing to men in the service. Whether he's stationed on land or sea—whether he's in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, or Coast Guard, when you send your carton of Camels you'll be sending the cigarette men in the service prefer *(see right)*. Stop in at your dealer's today and send a carton of Camels to that chap who's waiting to hear from you.

R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS CONTAINS

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested —less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!* The *smoke's* the thing!

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!